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MINING IN THE SNOW.



ACCORDING to the almanac, Spring commences everywhere on the first of March. But in the place where William Gay lived, scarcely any signs of the breaking up of the winter appeared before the first of April. The month of March was the period of great blocking snow-storms and tempestuous winds, and of bitterly cold nights and mornings.

Vol. I. — No. 3.

In the middle of the day, however, the sun was high and warm, and melted the surface of the snow. The moisture thus produced at the top percolated through and among the little grains and crystals of ice of which snow is composed, and softened the whole mass, and then in the coldness of the night the whole of it became so consolidated by the frost, that it would bear men, and sometimes even ox-teams, to travel over it.

Quite early in the winter, William, and his friend John Turner, had formed a plan of making a representation of a coal mine in a little dell back at some distance from the house, — where the snow had blown in and filled up the hollow in the ground to a great depth. But they were prevented from prosecuting their work at that time by a difficulty which is often encountered by men in digging deep into the ground, and that is, the caving in of the sides of the pit, or shaft, which they are sinking. The snow, early in the winter, is soft and light, except in particular places where it is compacted together by the wind. But, toward the spring, for the reasons above described, it becomes much more solid and firm, so that it not only will bear up people that are walking upon it, but can be cut in blocks with a spade or shovel. In such a case, the walls of a pit or shaft sunk in it do not cave in, and the blocks of snow that are taken out can be built into walls, as if they were so many blocks of stone.

Accordingly, William and John, who had been defeated in their attempt to mine the snow in the little dell early in the winter, determined to re-

sume the undertaking, now that they found the snow in a suitable condition for their purpose.

It was Watt Remsen, a young man who lived at the house and worked on the farm, that told William about the mode of mining for coal and ores. If the coal is in a hill or mountain, the men begin down in the valley, and dig in on a level till they come to it. So far as the ground extends, they make the excavation with pickaxes and shovels, and when they come to rock, they blast it out with gunpowder. But after going in thus for some distance, it is necessary to procure fresh air for the mine, for the foul air produced by the breaths of the men, and the fumes of the gunpowder, and also that which oozes out from the crevices of the rocks in certain places, would in time become absolutely suffocating, if there were not some way contrived to get rid of it, and to bring in fresh and pure air in its place.

The way which they contrive is usually this. They begin at the top of the ground, exactly over the end of the passage-way which they have cut into the heart of the mountain, and dig down, making a sort of well — though they do not call it a well — they call it a *shaft*. The shaft is, however, exactly like a well, only, if they come to water, they do not stop, as people do when they are digging a well, and put a curb on the top and a permanent pump or windlass and bucket, to bring up the water from time to time for use, but they put in a temporary pump of a very powerful kind, worked by steam, and pump all the water out, and then go on blasting and digging till they have carried the shaft down to the end of the level passage-way, which they wish to clear of foul air.

As soon as the shaft opens at the bottom into the end of the passage-way, or *drift*, as they call it, the foul air begins at once to come up through it to the top of the ground. They make it come up faster still by building a fire at the bottom of the shaft, which makes a draught. The shaft then, from being like a well, becomes a great chimney, only it is a chimney under ground instead of rising above it.

Some of these chimneys, in real coal mines, are so deep that if they were built up from the top of the ground, instead of having been dug underneath, they would be ten or fifteen times as high as a common steeple.

William and John had attempted to make a mine in the snow, in the place where the little dell had been filled up with a great drift, early in the winter, but after going in a little way they found that the snow caved in upon them so much that it

would not be safe to proceed. So they postponed their plan until the snow should become sufficiently hardened, toward the approach of spring, to obviate that difficulty, and the time had now come.

Accordingly one morning, after William had finished his lessons for the day, he and John Turner, together with another small boy named Orlando, and William's cousin Mary, all went out to begin the mine.

They took with them a number of small shovels and other tools. They put the tools on a sled, and bound them on with a cord, and then Mary and Orlando drew the sled, while William and John followed close behind, to see that the tools did not slip out and fall off.

The snow was quite hard everywhere, so that they could travel over it wherever they pleased; and it was, moreover, very deep, so that in some places they could go over the tops of the fences upon it.

They found that all traces of the digging which they had done in the early part of the winter were entirely obliterated; for there had been a great many snow-storms since then, and the hole which they had begun to make had been long since filled up, and a great deal more than filled up. They now, however, began to dig again in nearly the same place. The snow was so hard that, with a little care, they could cut it out in blocks, more or less square, like building-stones.

They dug down in this way at the place where they intended their drift to commence, until at length they began to hear the gurgling of the little stream of water which came from the spring at the head of the dell.

Mary and Orlando stood by, looking on with great attention, while William and John were at work, and were very much interested when the ice of the little brook came into view, and they could hear the sound of the gurgling, and see the little bubbles of air crawling along under the surface of it, like living things.

They thought they were living things, and wondered what they could be, and where they were going. They asked William what they were, and William told them that they were not living things at all, but only bubbles of air all the time coming and going. But where so many of them came from he could not conceive.

"If Watt were here," said he, "he would tell us all about it. He knows about all such things."

"But come," said John — who did not seem to care so much about the philosophy of the crawl-

ing things as the other children did — "come, we are losing all our time, and shall never get our mine dug out if we don't go to work."

So the boys went to work in earnest, Mary and Orlando standing by and looking on. One of the boys with a spade would cut out large blocks of hardened snow, and the other would lift them out by means of a spading-fork with long and slender prongs, and lay them aside in a safe place, for stones, to be used in building, if they should have occasion for them.

The digging at first was only a pit or trench extending down about two feet to the surface of the brook, but then, in extending the excavation horizontally toward the dell, it soon began to enter under the snow. The boys made the opening only wide enough and high enough to enable them to work in it one at a time, on his knees. They agreed to take turns in the work, and at first both were exceedingly anxious to be in the hole, and each was in a hurry to have his turn come. After going in a few feet, however, they found that they could both work together. One could dig away the snow at the end of the drift or tunnel, and pile the pieces cut out upon the sled, which had been backed in for the purpose, and then when the sled was full, the other could haul it out, and discharge the load down over the bank. The pieces that came out were too irregular and broken to be of any use for building.

After the work had gone on for some little time, Mary and Orlando wanted to crawl into the hole and see how it looked inside, and William, who was then at work in it, came out, heels foremost, to give them an opportunity. So they got down into the trench and crept along to the mouth of the tunnel, and put their heads in, one after the other, but they did not dare to go in any farther.

The interest which Mary and Orlando felt at first in watching the progress of the work, soon grew less, when the one who was digging was in so far as to be out of sight, and there was nothing for them to see but loads of broken snow coming out on the sled, and so Mary began to ask what she and Orlando should do.

"You can make a fire," said William.

"There is nothing to make it with," said Mary.

"Yes," replied William. "You can take one of the sleds, and go to the shop and get a basket full of chips and shavings."

"Well, Orlando," said Mary, "let us go."

So Mary and Orlando took one of the sleds and went off in the direction toward the house, in search of fuel for their fire.

After they had gone a little way, William called out to them to bring an axe with them when they came back.

"Which axe?" asked Mary.

"My little one," said William.

In a short time they returned with a large basket full of chips and shavings, with the axe among them. They found on their return that the mining had made great progress during their absence. The boys had dug the drift or tunnel in so far that they could both creep into it, one after the other, and draw the sled in after them, and be entirely out of sight, sled and all. Mary and Orlando came and stood at the mouth of the opening and looked in, but neither of them dared to go in. Mary said she thought it was a frightful place.

William came out to help Mary and Orlando choose a spot for their fire, and to help them light it. The place which they selected was under some steep rocks, where there was a little clump of evergreens growing near, to form a shelter from the wind. Mary and Orlando piled up a portion of the chips and shavings against the rocks, and William gave them a match to light it with.

All this time John was very impatient, and kept calling upon William to come back and work upon the mine. But William preferred to wait till Mary and Orlando were comfortably established at their fire. He even went into a thicket near by and cut off a large number of spruce and hemlock branches, which, even when green, are very combustible, and make a great crackling blaze when they are put upon a fire.

There is a very curious reason for this inflammability of evergreen boughs. The reason is, the quantity of resinous substances which the juices of this kind of evergreen trees contain. Pines and firs and hemlocks, and all trees of that kind, produce, in their sap and in the juices which circulate in their stems and leaves, a resinous substance which is very inflammable. In some kinds of fir this substance gathers in little blisters under the bark, and if you strip off this bark and put it in the fire, the balsam, as it is sometimes called, burns in it very furiously.

When any cut is made in the bark or wood of these trees, the resinous substances ooze out and form drops which harden in the air. The gum which is formed in spruce-trees, and which the boys chew on account of the sweet and agreeable flavor which it has, is formed in this way.

In North Carolina there are immense forests of a kind of pine called *pitch pine*, because it produces such a quantity of these resinous juices. The people cut notches in the trees, and when

these get full, go around and collect the substance, from which afterward resin is formed, and is sent all over the world in barrels, and is used for a great many different purposes.

There is another thing very curious about these resinous substances found in the juices of evergreen trees, and that is, that water will not dissolve them. The way in which water washes off any thing is by dissolving it and carrying it away. But water will not dissolve resinous substances, and so if you get any of it upon your hands or clothes, it is very difficult to get it off.

That is the reason, too, why a boy can chew spruce gum a long time, without its growing any less, while a piece of candy of the same size would soon melt away and be gone. The water of the mouth can dissolve the candy, but it cannot dissolve the spruce gum.

But to return to the fire. The resinous juices in the leaves and stems of the hemlock branches made them burn very fiercely when the children put them on the fire. So Mary and Orlando brought out all that William cut for them, and laid them down in a heap by the side of their fire, and then put them on, two or three at a time, and amused themselves with them a great deal, while William and John went on with their work of excavation in the snow.

On the evening of the day in which William began his mine, he asked Watt where the little bubbles of air came from which were continually crawling along, under the ice, in the little rill which he and John uncovered in digging out the snow to make their tunnel, and he told them that the water of the spring brought the air along with it.

"Water," he said, "where it runs, always carries air along with it,—that is, provided it can in any way get hold of any air to carry. It was so," he said, "in the case of brooks and rivers; they always carried the air with them along the surface as they flowed."

"This is really so. It is true that where the surface is smooth, and the water glides along in a gentle and equable manner, we cannot perceive any visible indications that it is carrying the air along with it; but if we follow it till we come to a fall, we find the proofs plain enough,—for the air which is brought along is now carried down with the falling water beneath the surface of the water below, and then has to find its way up again, in millions of little bubbles,—so many, that sometimes they make an immense mass of foam.

It is the same when you pour water from one

vessel into another, as, for instance, from a pitcher into a tumbler; it carries down air with it which forms little bubbles down deep in the water of the tumbler, and then, as soon as they get free, they struggle up to the surface again as fast as they can.

"You can see it for yourself," said Watt, "every time you pour water into a tumbler."

"I mean to go and try it now," said William.

So he went to one of Mary Ann's cupboards and took from the shelf a pitcher and a tumbler, and then went to the sink to perform the experiment. He thought it best to perform the operation there, so as to be sure that no harm should be done, in case any of the water should be spilled.

It is always very important in making philosophical experiments of every kind, to take ample precautions to prevent injury from accidents.

William was very much interested in seeing how much air the water carried down with it, and how many bubbles came up. He poured the water in, sometimes fast and sometimes slowly, and performed the experiment thus in various ways. He watched the stream of water as it went down too, in order to see if he could not detect some signs of the movement of the air along the sides of it, but he could not. While he was engaged in this work Mary Ann came by, and asked him what he was doing. So he explained it to her, saying that he was watching the water, to see it carry down air with it into the water of the tumbler.

"And then the air all comes up again in little bubbles," he added. "See!"

So saying, he poured water again into the tumbler, to show Mary Ann the bubbles. Mary Ann looked at it a moment, and then turned away with an expression of contempt upon her face, saying,—

"Nonsense. That is nothing. I've seen that before, a hundred times."

Mary Ann, it seems, did not take much interest in the philosophy of things.

William and John worked after this for several days in their mine. After they had carried in the drift or tunnel as far as they thought best, they began on the surface of the snow above, exactly over the inner end of the tunnel, and sunk a shaft, as the miners call it, that is, a perpendicular excavation like a well, which was to be carried down to meet the end of the drift or horizontal passage-way by which they had worked their way into the mass of the snow from below. William worked in this shaft at first, while John con-

tinued to dig in the drift, at the end of it,—enlarging the excavation there, and making branching passages in various directions.

After a while, when the shaft began to get pretty deep, the boys could hear each other's voices through the intervening snow. The space between them grew thinner and thinner, until at last the shovels began to break through. The opening thus begun was very rapidly enlarged, until the communication was complete, though it afterward took some time, and made the boys a great deal of work, to carry out all the loose snow through the drift, and make all clear. It was well for William that the opening into the drift was thus effected; for the well or shaft was by this time so deep, that, though he could throw up to the top the lumps of snow that he dug out, in continuing his work of excavation, I don't think he could have got out himself without a ladder.

The boys afterward made another shaft, some distance from the first, to communicate with the end of one of the branching passages. They put a slender ladder down the first shaft, so that they could ascend and descend by it, and they built a fire under the other, thus making it the *upcast* of the mine.

They pretended in their play that this fire was to produce a circulation of air, and thus to ventilate the mine. But there is not much need, in fact, of artificial ventilation in a mine excavated in the snow. Mary and Orlando felt much less afraid to crawl into the mine after the fire was made than they had been before. The fire seemed to have the effect of making it appear less like a dismal den, and gave it somewhat the air of a human habitation.

The boys worked upon the mine for several successive days. They made new passages which branched off from the main one in various directions. At one time they came to a small tree, which was growing in the dell, and which the snow had nearly buried up. They carried the passage-way around this tree on both sides, so as to leave the tree in the centre of a little space.

The warmth of the sun in the middle of the day softened all the snow, not only on the surface above, but also along the walls of all the passage-ways and little chambers below. This effect was aided by the warmth of the fire which melted the snow all around it as far as the rays could reach

in their shining, and finally made quite a little room around the place where it was built.

The fire aided, too, in another quite curious way, namely, by the ventilation which it produced. That is, the draught occasioned by the rising of the hot air from the fire up through the chimney caused the air to draw through all the other passages from outside, and as the outside air had been warmed by the sun, in moving through it melted more of the snow along the sides of the openings, and softened the whole mass.

Then at night, when the cold came, all this softened snow was frozen hard again, and thus all the walls of the passages and chambers of the mine became quite solid.

Through the main passage-way—the one which formed the original entrance to the mine—the children could trace the course of the little current of water which flowed from the spring; and after a while they followed up this stream by a gradually ascending drift, till they came to the spring itself, where they found open water, boiling up out of the ground. The water was not frozen at all where it issued from the ground. This is usually the case with springs. They do not freeze where water first appears, because they come from under ground at a great depth, where it is not cold enough to freeze. It comes up very cool, it is true, but not so cold as ice; that is, not cold enough to freeze. After it has run along the ground a little way it becomes cold, and the ice then begins to form upon it.

It was so with this spring. While it kept open at the place where it came out of the ground, the little brook which flowed from it froze over, and then the whole had been buried up very deep by the winter snows. And so when the boys dug their mine, they followed the course of the frozen stream for some distance, and at last came to the little open spring.

When the boys found the spring, they brought down a mug from the house, and when any of them were thirsty they would creep along the passage-way which led to the spring, and get a mug of water. In the course of a week the boys had burrowed so many passages, and opened so many holes, that the whole mass of the snow which filled the dell was perforated in all directions, and the whole place looked like a gigantic rabbit warren.

The boys were delighted with their progress, and they were not a little proud of their work. They had made a mine, and they had found a spring, and they had made a passage-way to the spring. They were very happy, and they were very proud of their work.

CHERRIES OF HAMBURG.



In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the rarest of cherry-trees, and by constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he, alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciest cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.

One season, when his cherry-trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was invaded. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy, that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the

provisions that were garnered, but famine was staring them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, as less and less food remained to them.

Meanwhile, the enemy had grown more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them savager, and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and to put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children, to the sword.

But would it not be better thus to be killed outright than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with the red juice, and making one's mouth to water at the sight.

A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, and in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed. He brought them into his orchard and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying; he suspected some stratagem, as if it were Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering of thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries

to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and said that they had come to mock him, and he would surely have them put to death before his eyes, even as he had sworn he would do to all the people of the city.

But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked up in him, broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did — they vanquished the hard

heart. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep every year a festival, called the Feast of Cherries; when the children of the city, clad in white garments, march through the streets, holding green boughs, to which the people, coming out of their houses, hasten to tie bunches of cherries; only now the children are chubby and merry, and they eat the cherries themselves.

GOOD AND BAD APPLES.

THERE was a little apple-tree near the garden-wall, which was called Rob's apple-tree, because it was set out on the very day when he was five years old, and he himself with his own little spade helped fill in the earth round the roots, and stamped it down, while Quick, his dog, barked at him.

"You need n't laugh, Quick," said he, "for I am to have all the apples that grow on this tree;" and then he ran off to quarrel with Quick, for they both liked that exceedingly. Not far from the tree was the plaster statue of a young man leaning on a hoe, — Old Hoe, as Rob called him, — though he was not so very old, and yet he leaned with such a wise air, and looked abroad so seriously, that it was generally said in the garden, — "It is Old Hoe who has scraped up the earth — every thing grows because he made the ground ready — and now he has nothing to do but watch the trees and flowers, and think about them;" and when Rob and Quick and the gardener were gone, Old Hoe thought aloud as usual: —

"So, here is a new-comer, and it is to bear apples — is it? It has a very serious task before it. It takes a great deal to make an apple. It must rain just so often, and the sun must shine just so many days, and the wind must not blow too hard, and it must not hail when the blossoms come. It is a wonder that there are ever any apples at all; and then, they are picked and put in a basket. Seems to me it is hardly worth while to go through so many troubles, just to be picked and put in a basket."

"But what am I to do?" asked the young apple-tree. Old Hoe did not answer; he never was

known to join in talk with others. The world might hear, if it liked, when he spoke out, but he had too many thoughts in his head to allow him merely to make conversation. The sun shone, the rain fell, the wind blew, there was hail and snow and ice, and by and by six blossoms came upon the little apple-tree; and after the blossoms came just two apples, for the other four blossoms came to nothing. Two rosy apples! the little tree was very proud of them.

"Ah! two apples," said Old Hoe one day; "they are not very large either. Seems to me it is rather a small affair for the wind, and the sun, and the rain, and this apple-tree, to work so hard and only make two apples. Why should not every thing make every thing bigger than itself?" and Old Hoe stared down the garden. A hen just then laid an egg under the hedge, and was off telling her neighbors. "Now that hen made an egg," Old Hoe went on; "but seems to me the egg ought to have made the hen." He was puzzled, but nobody would suspect it, for he looked very grave. The little apple-tree, meanwhile, was lifting up her head bravely, and holding out her two apples at arm's length, on opposite sides, so that they could not well see each other. They could talk, however, though they had not much to say. They were twins.

"Brother," said One to the Other, "how do you grow to-day? Do you feel pretty mellow?"

"I can't yet feel very warm," said the Other, "but then the sun is not very high. How delightful it is to be getting riper every day. I only hope we shall not be picked too soon. I should like to be perfectly ripe first."

"Well, brother," said One, with hesitation, "I do not perfectly agree with you. I begin to think that we have made a little mistake, and that there is something besides getting ripe and being picked and put in a basket. In fact," said he, speaking more confidently, "I know that there is something better, for I am already beginning to enjoy it."

"Why, how can that be?" asked the Other. "We get the sun and the air and the sap, and so we grow warm and ripe. Come! is there any thing better? what is your secret?"

"It is not easily told," said One, mysteriously, "but you shall hear something. Yesterday afternoon, as I was beginning to dread the night, I heard something on the twig, and pretty soon felt it on my stem; it came slowly down until it was firmly on me. 'Who may you be?' said I, a little angrily, I must confess. 'Do not be disturbed, good sir,' said a soft voice; 'I am a friend come to visit you. You will be the better for me, I assure you. I am Tid, the worm.' I had never heard of him before, but he was so soft and comfortable in his ways, that I knew he was a friend at once, and so I welcomed him. 'It is lonely enough here,' said I, 'for my brother never can come to see me, and my only amusement is when the wind blows, and I get a chance to rock back and forth, and that is sometimes a little too hard.' 'Just so,' said Tid. 'I have been waiting for you some time on the grass below, hoping some windy day you might fall off and come to see me, for it is very hard work climbing so high. I have waited long enough, and now I am here, glad to get to my journey's end.' At that, Tid stood on his head, I thought. 'What are you doing, Tid?' said I. 'I am going,' said he, 'to bring you a new pleasure. Have a care; don't joggle me off.'—Brother, those were his exact words."

"Well," said the Other, "and what is the new pleasure. Is it to walk round on you and keep you warm?"

"Better than that," said One. "Do you know, if you could look round here, you would n't see Tid?"

"Not see him! has he gone then?"

"Yes, yes," said One, bursting out with it; "he has gone in! he has gone in!"

"Gone in!"

"You know I told you I thought Tid was standing on his head; so he was; and he began to make a little hole in me, not far from the stem, and put his head in, and so, deeper and deeper, till now, my dear brother, Tid is entirely inside!"

"Well," said the Other, "do you call that pleasant?"

"Pleasant!" cried One. "Growing ripe is nothing to it. Why, there is Tid, comfortable little soul, burrowing and burrowing, and the further in he goes, the easier it is for the sun to get inside, you know; but the warmth is not the great pleasure; it's the tickling! the tickling! Tid is tickling me all the time, and I sit here and laugh."

"Dear me!" said the Other, "and Tid is doing all this for you; and how does he like it?"

"There! I just hear him talking to himself. Hark!"

"Well, what does Tid say?" asked the Other.

"He says,— 'Munch, munch! I must be getting toward the core. I have not had such a feast this long while. I came just at the right time. The apple and I will get ripe together. I shall go on, too, after picking-time comes.' There! do you hear that? You see Tid and I are not going to stop when I get ripe."

"I don't know about this," said the Other.

"Why, Tid's hollowing you out—is n't he? and suppose he leaves nothing but your skin?"

"All I know is," said One sharply, "that I get a new delight all the while, and don't put off my pleasure till I am picked and put in a basket. The Other was silent, but he kept thinking, and the more he thought, the more sure he was that he should not wish a visit from Tid. That went on for several days, and they agreed less and less whenever they fell to talking.

"Halloo!" cried One, one day, "what do you think? I am getting popular. Tid's friends missed him, and now they have come—three more, uncommonly like Tid. They have all gone in, too, and each by different holes."

"I must speak out," said the Other. "I am certain that it is all wrong, and I do beseech you, brother, to get rid of Tid and his relations. There is no time to lose."

"Indeed!" said One. "I understand you perfectly; if, now, Tid had visited you—but we will say no more;" and so for several days nothing more was said; nothing by them, that is, for Old Hoe at length spoke out:—

"Seems to me strange that those apples do not do any thing to get ripe. They just hang and hang. I could hang, but should I be the better for that? Seems to me if they were to get down and roll round on the ground, they would be doing something,—would be getting on with their ripening. There is the gardener; if he were to stand still all day, would the garden take care of itself?"

The gardener was at this moment coming up

toward the tree; perhaps the twins saw him: at any rate One called out with a faint voice, —

"Brother, a word with you. I feel exceedingly weak."

"Cheer up, cheer up!" said the Other. "We must be quite ripe now; we shall soon be picked and put in a basket."

"Ah! you are very well; but as for me, I must confess it, I have been growing weaker every day. Tid and his relations have been all through me, and I cannot tell why, but I feel very disagreeably. Somehow all the pleasure is gone, and I have headache perpetually." Just here the gardener came up to the tree, and Rob and Quick came running to him from the other side of the garden.

"Daniel, are they ripe, do you think? May I pick them?" asked Rob.

"Well, Master Rob," said he, "you'll not get two; one is all worm-eaten, but t'other is a rosy ripe apple." He picked them both and tossed one away, but the other he gave to Rob. Quick darted after the apple that was thrown away; he snuffed at it, but let it alone.

"Here, here, Quick!" said Rob: "that is a bad apple. This is a good one," and he ran off, holding it up, while Quick bounded after him. The gardener too went off, and no one was left but Old Hoe.

"This is the end — eh?" said he. "One is thrown away and the other is picked; it should have been put in a basket. It is pretty hard to have so much trouble and then not get all one's deserts. Why was it not put in a basket?" The apple thrown away had rolled quite near Old Hoe, and he now saw it. "So this was a bad apple! Why, what had it done? it had all the rain and sun like the other, and it was picked. It was not put in a basket, but neither was the other. I don't understand."

"I understand," said the apple. "If I had joggled Tid off when he first came, as I might have done, all would have been well, but now it is all over. Oh dear, they are all going about again! and I have such a headache." In a few moments Tid and his relations had put their heads out of their several doors.

"What's this?" said Tid. "We were all

living peaceably. What have you been doing to shake us about so. I nearly had a fit. Aha! I see; friends, we are on the ground once more. Come, I like this. I was beginning to dread climbing down the tree, and there's not much left here. But we'll finish what we have begun," and, so saying, all crawled in again.

Old Hoe heard this also, but was too astonished to do any thing but lean on his instrument and stare off into the garden. Perhaps he would have been more puzzled if he could have followed Rob with his apple. Rob ran into the house, and fetching a string from his pocket, he tied one end to the stem of the apple, and so hung it over the fire, twirling it round and round. The apple was a little dizzy at first, but in a moment was perfectly delighted at such a dance as he led; the pleasure he had felt when the wind blew him was nothing to this. Then the heat of the fire began to warm him and to creep deliciously through and through; why, the brightest sunshine had never so made him glow. The little apple laughed and shook with merriment; he could not keep in, and actually burst his sides out with joy, all the while humming a tune, being the first time he had ever sung in his life, and this was the song that Little Apple sung: —

"All summer long
I sang no song
Upon the green-leaved trees:
But let the sun
Sing, one by one,
The summer songs to me.

"The songs I hid
My seeds amid,
Until they eager grew:
My lips, alas!
They could not pass,
To sing themselves anew.

"Then bright flames leapt
To where I kept
My pretty songs in cage:
They burst the bars
With glad ha, ha's!
And mocked at my old age.

"Out flew the songs,
The summer songs;
And now they sing to me.
The joys I knew
All summer through,
Upon the apple-tree."

H. E. S.



CHARLEY BALCH'S METAMORPHOSIS.

THE first two years of Charley Balch's boarding-school career were in singular contrast to the last two. We were *new* boys together. I remember distinctly his manner and appearance the first afternoon of our rawness and discomfort in the scenes so strange and rough to both of us. He was thirteen years of age. His face and figure were good enough, without any thing to remark in either; but there was an air of dullness, seclusion, and indifference in his expression and attitudes which seemed strange in a boy, and among so much noise and excitement, — for we new-comers were surrounded by a crowd of fellows who were hazing the green ones unmercifully. He sat at a desk, his head leaning on one hand, while with the other he was drawing grotesque faces on the fly-leaf of a new grammar book, given to him but a few hours before. Sometimes he slowly answered the tormentors' cross-questioning; and at other times made no replies, seeming to be unconscious that he was not alone.

In overhauling my four years of acquaintance with Charley Balch, that I might correctly tell the story of the great change that the boy underwent, — a change like that of the pure carbon evolving from the charcoal to the diamond, or of fine steel worked out of the rude iron, — I have naturally recalled these first impressions of my schoolmate.

It is the in-door or moral life of boarding-school that we see now, — the part deeper, more important perhaps, certainly more difficult to reach and to treat of than the sports and interests out of doors. An old fellow, who yet feels the influences and remembers the struggles and wounds, the victories and defeats, of those few years long ago, will be made very happy if, in what he relates, any boy may find advice or encouragement; if any teacher or parent may take heart again in his endeavors for the training of a *hard case*.

No sensible boy, of course, thinks of boyhood, whether at home or at a boarding-school, as merely a long, jolly time of all sorts of fun, — ball-playing, boating, bathing, coasting, riding, and jokes. He supposes that there must be many discomforts and deprivations, though he may not perhaps realize the fact that it is a time of trial — trial that hurts as much and makes or mars more than that in after-life.

Vieux Moustache is a common title among French soldiers for a comrade who has seen some service; who has, perhaps, a piece of lead in a

limb, a sabre scar across another; who likes to tell his stories and sing his songs, as he smokes by the bivouac-fire; who is proud of his profession, and loves a fellow-soldier, old or young, but for the recruit, particularly, has a very tender spot in his heart. "Morbieu! I can't see him go wrong; what! not help him because he is a *recruit*? Why, that *recruit* our regiment may, some day, glory in." He curls his moustache savagely at the idea. It is all very well to be a jolly comrade, but if he is also a true soldier, he must honestly befriend those recruits; tell them, if roughly, yet kindly, what to avoid and what to strive for, and as Beranger's old corporal sings, —

"Mais pour vous tous, jeunes soldats,
J'étais un père à l'exercice."

So here, one who cannot relinquish the pleasures of youth, and loves to talk of its sports and adventures in the warm light of these Riverside bivouac-fires, would also, as a true friend and helper to those whose experience is to be won, remember the in-door and in-spirit successes and humiliations, rewards and scars, uprisings and downfalls; and recount them with the earnest hope that they may prove warnings, hints, and counsel in the mental and moral dangers with which the young soldier in life has always to contend. And now, with this intention, is this story of Charley Balch, — this brief account of how, after long moral skulking and cowardice, without pride in his work, and sustaining only shame and defeat, he stepped by brave effort into the front rank, and there won love and applause besides the reward of an approving conscience.

According to age and the account boys gave of what had been their studies before entrance to the school, new boys received appointments to the different classes, and so Charley Balch, with others, commenced his studies; but at the close of the first month Charley fell back one class in each of his lessons. Up to that time no one had seemed to notice this new boy. Of course, the teachers, or some of them, were watching with interest to learn his character and his talents, but his schoolmates merely recognized that there was such a boy among their number. He had made neither friends nor enemies. He was neither bullied nor adopted by the old boys. There appeared nothing either to admire or dislike in him. He said little and did less. Sometimes he knew his lessons imperfectly and recited them quilly, but

generally he was deficient, and attempted no excuse for his failures. In study hours he rarely perused the printed pages of his books, but found interest in the fly-sheets which were soon filled with pencil sketches, — all sorts of hideous or grotesque scenes and figures. In recitations, he drew on his finger-nails or shirt-cuffs, without any seeming interest in the matter before the class. Out of school-hours he was to be seen stretched on some back seat in the study-hall, or beneath a distant tree in the orchard, poring over the romances of Walter Scott, or the warm fancies and delightful humor of Washington Irving; sometimes we found him playing marbles by himself, and whistling as he played. At other times he loafed, leaning against a comfortable fence, or the soft side of a stone building, and watched the tree-tops, apparently with much pleasure to himself; for I have come upon him suddenly thus, and found him smiling, or laughing outright. If we made any remark at all about the new school-fellow, it was, — "What a no-account that Balch is;" or, "Did you ever see such a lubber?"

When he was put back in all his studies at the close of the first month, he felt the disgrace, I think, for he grew more reserved in manner and displayed to some extent a new trait, — sulkiness. Among his room-mates he added to his former quiet and dullness, moroseness; and beside the punishment of making up deficient recitations, he was sometimes now reprimanded for early answers to his teachers. He seldom joined in any games, and when he did, it was without spirit. Now, how stood Charley Balch's case at that point? With only a name in the school; uncared for by his companions, despaired of by his teachers, with no heart in work or play. Why was it so? To tell you briefly. His father, an active politician and seldom with his family, lost his wife two years after Charley was born. In a few years more he married again a foolish, useless young woman, who, not fancying her step-son because of his unattractive appearance and apparent dullness, soon grew to be jealous of her husband's first child, and to neglect him when children of her own came into the home. Without a mother's care and love, and without the guidance of a father's, his childhood knew neither warmth nor training. His schools were ill-chosen, and his character left to form itself. Advice or sympathy he seldom received. Naturally reserved and diffident, he grew, from the force of circumstances, selfish and idle. His only real pleasures were those gained from the books he happened on, from the paper his pencil had such power over, and

from his natural love of brooks, fields, skies, and trees.

And so he came among us. Sent away from home to make way for the comfort of the young family, his half-brothers and sisters, he felt the injustice, and naturally regarded boarding-school as his prison-house, and his opportunities of education as punishments to be borne, not privileges to be improved. All was wrong with the poor fellow. How few are so unfortunate! When perhaps he really tried, as well as former habits permitted, to do his tasks, and was unable, because of bad training, to keep up with his class, he sank into a worse state, — apathy and sullenness; as if he had thought: "What is the use of trying? Every thing is against me. I hate study. I shall just give up, and trust to luck."

All his first term was made up of indolence and punishments, until he grew almost callous to shame or reproof. Among so many gay, noisy companions, he was comparatively alone; the object neither of respect nor affection, only of indifference. Selfishness increased, pride diminished, and the boy's character was suffering, as a neglected field from want of tilling, — the ground getting hard and crusty and overgrown with weeds.

With vacation there came no summons to home; no! his father having business in Washington, and his mother preferring to have the big boy away from her little ones, he was to remain at the boarding-school. He did not mind that much, for without any studies he could manage to enjoy himself in novels, sketches, dreams, and rambles. But unfortunately again for poor Charley, he was not to be alone; one of the worst boys in the school was to remain also as a boarder until school recommenced. This was Ben Barry, from Galveston, Texas. He stayed, because to have gone home and returned would have consumed two thirds of the vacation. Now Ben Barry differed altogether from Charley Balch. He stood fairly in his classes, not from much study, but because of his natural "smartness." He understood, too, every way of cheating a teacher; having keys to his arithmetic and algebra, *ponies* (as translations are called by boys) to his Latin, and cheap and dishonorable means of deceiving his tutors and cheating himself in all his tasks. He was not a vulgar boy, nor was he perhaps intentionally wicked. He was not wanting in generosity, physical courage, and kind-heartedness; but he was totally without good principles or nobleness of thought or action. He was full of tricks, mischief, and falsehood; yet such an amusing fellow was he, and such a good hand in all

games and exercises that he was popular among most of us. His influence in the school was certainly very bad; for those younger and weaker in character than Barry looked up to him, and were inclined to be led by the example and accept the opinions of such a smart, jolly fellow, who was neither dunce, bully, nor coward. He spoke with constant disrespect of teachers and regulations, and with ridicule and contempt of religion. Yet these dangerous, miserable scoffs of his were so laughingly thrown out, that their results were the more disastrous. As I have said before, his badness was not aggressive; he did not intend any result. His jokes and jeers at every thing noble and good were because of the littleness and baseness of his soul.

Charley Balch and Ben Barry were spending the summer vacation together at school. There were no tasks to master, no long hours of study, no trial hours of recitation. The only rules to restrict them were those requiring them to rise at six and retire at nine, and always to be present with the Principal's family at morning and evening prayers. Thrown together so much, companionship was inevitable, and soon the two boys, who for five months had hardly exchanged as many words, got to be intimate associates. Barry's tact and good-nature thawed Balch's reserve, and the latter, for the first time in his life, found a friend in one he had admired for school success and popularity. So they had many long days of rambling in the woods, paddling in leaky boats about the shores of the Hudson, swimming, loafing around the orchard, and in many other pleasant ways consulting only their own inclinations. But Barry's pernicious influence was making itself felt. He enjoyed airing his wit in ridicule of master and tutors, and finding an applauding laugh to reward such essays. Then he would lead Balch to caricature with his pencil the originals of these descriptions. Again Barry would make fun of Balch for failure in his lessons, when a little of what he styled "fair cheaterly and brass" could carry him through decently, "and," he would say, "I will put you up to a dodge or two." So he taught, until Charley got new conceptions of his situation, and began to plan within himself how he would manage in the new term to take an easier and higher place without doing a jot more of work so difficult and distasteful to him. On one subject, however, he never agreed with Barry, nor listened to him with pleasure. That was when he laughed about "those old-granny prayers, such humbuggery twice a-day," and said he never knew a religious boy who was not a *soft* and a coward; and that,

as for himself, he could n't stand such flummery in church or out of church. Now Charley had had but little religious instruction in his life, but beneath his unpromising exterior, beneath his selfishness and indolence, there was that spark of inestimable value in the boy's or man's character, that spark from which Hope can light when all else has gone to ashes, — I mean reverence, enthusiasm to be kindled at the sight, or hearing, or thought of the noble, the beautiful, the heroic, the self-sacrificing, — and in his rough, ignorant, groping, boyish way, he felt that far beyond the noblest pages of his best-loved romances was even his conception of the Gospel story. Though he could not remember his own mother, he must have thought, too, of her as in that heaven beyond the skies. Perhaps some indistinct vision or fancy of his mother clasping his infant hands together made the act of prayer beautiful to him. At any rate there was something awfully grand and beautiful in what he saw, believed, and imagined in the worship of God. Ignorantly he felt that he could be but an outsider — only a reverent looker-on at religious observances and privileges. No wonder then that he heard Ben Barry's jokes and contemptuous sarcasms with pain.

Had it not been for those occasional jeers of Ben Barry on that one subject, his influence would have been more deeply riveted on Charley Balch's character. As it was, it went far enough, and showed its bad fruits in the new term, getting Charley deeper in the mire of wrong-doing and indifference. The new term began, and brought the two boys again under the discipline of school-life. Balch, noticed now by his vacation friend, lost some reserve and coldness, and mixed more freely with the other boys, but his companions were generally the black sheep. Because, perhaps, of Ben Barry's "dodge or two," Charley had risen a few grades in his classes: otherwise, he remained in his former mental and moral "slough of despond." When not in study or recitation, he was novel-reading; or drawing, or loafing, and seldom joining in any game more energetic than marbles.

With a third term, he took a few more short steps forward in his studies, or rather in some of them; in composition, rising even to the middle of the class. But, as if to balance such improvement, he fell back socially, and became one of the ten or dozen hardened subjects — and there is such a forlorn band in every school community — who are always stumbling over laws, and coming in one way and another to constant punishment and disgrace; who are without affection for their

teachers, without pride in their institution, and who are generally tabooed from the best sets in the school society. The only recommendation or claim he then had, outside of his own intimates, was his talent as a draughtsman. Beside the hundreds of caricature faces and figures he was turning off every week, he carried on several wonderfully comical histories in pencil of the adventures of different personages whom his imagination created; and sometimes he drew in continuation, the same as his personal histories, stories of travel,—like that of the celebrated "*Voyages en Zig Zag*." All these passed around among the boys, exciting much interest and laughter. Of course it was frequently said, "Well, how strange it is that so dull a fellow can imagine and draw such splendid things." I know now that often and anxiously did our good and earnest Principal ponder how to get at the mine beneath the cold, barren surface soil. He knew that Charley was not the stupid boy he appeared.

It was not until another term, Charley's fourth term, that we discovered a new talent of his, that, when known, gave him a certain amount of esteem throughout the school, notwithstanding and in spite of his indifferent character in other respects. Perhaps this faculty I would tell of, as it brought him into the companionship of many of the finest fellows in the school, helped him to his after change. These good examples he must have profited by, and, seeing the contrast of their lives to his, and the difference between these manly, honorable boys and those he generally moved among, his pride and good sentiments and his *good sense*, too, must have been stirred and prepared for the good seed which afterward fell, to bring forth abundant fruit.

At the commencement of the fourth term, Charley Balch's bed was changed to the room in which I was the youngest boy. The others were rather indignant that a fellow of such indifferent standing in the school as Balch should be put among them,—old boys of good repute in their classes and in the play-ground. I think our Principal's object was to separate Charley in some measure from his associates, and bring him under the influence of those who, though often wild chaps, had the fair name of the school and themselves at heart, and had a standard of honor which rebuked all meanness or school-disloyalty.

However that may have been, Charley became our room-mate. For a time he was merely tolerated; but one night when we were telling stories, as was often the case after the tutors had retired and the lamps put out, and even I had been called

upon and had furnished my contribution, some one called out, "Balch, are you asleep?"—"No," was the reply. "Well, then, we will let you try a yarn: can you?"—"I don't know, but I don't care to; I would rather listen."—"No matter what you want to do; go ahead and give us a story;" and he did go ahead with by far the best one that had ever been heard in our room. We were all astonished, and the question was immediately put,— "Where did you get that from?" "Out of my head," was the answer; to which followed the chorused satirical echo,— "Out of *your* head! Humbug!" But he had spoken truly, and many a night of that term did as good and better stories come from that head and heart; and from his memory, too, he gave us spiritedly, feelingly, and accurately the best romances, continued from night to night, of his worshiped Walter Scott and the legends of his equally loved Washington Irving. There, too, we heard "Jack Shepard," and "Lafitte," and "The Flying Dutchman," and many others, that I never think of now as printed stories, but as if they were Charley's own, so strongly were they renewed in his enthusiastic, absorbed manner and his sympathetic voice. The circumstances, too, under which they were told added to the enduring effect they made; ourselves, each in his bed, listening intently while looking out through the uncurtained windows on the sky sparkling with stars, or on the weird clouds driving by, or watching the rain or snow pattering against the glass; our bodies resting, our minds charmed, the spell of the story weaving itself mysteriously from that low voice (for any loud utterance would have brought the tutors down upon us to put a stop to that forbidden pleasure of conversation after "lamps out"), until we lived in the scenes and persons of other lands and other times. Of course, Charley gained a reputation and soon became the school's "circulating library of light literature," as Ben Barry called him.

Again Charley Balch was to remain at the school through a vacation; only a short one, to be sure, but it was that one which is always so precious at home,—the Christmas vacation. It seemed hard, very hard, that through those ten days set aside in all Christian lands for rejoicing and the interchange of all kindly feelings; that through that pleasant time of family reunions, charitable deeds, cheerful hearth-stones, bounteous tables, and merry games, Charley must remain at school, the only one of his sixty schoolmates unbidden home. Ben Barry had finished his days of boarding-school, and gone, to return no more.

Charley was alone in the halls and play-grounds, alone in his bedroom, alone everywhere except at prayers and meal-times. After the hum and bustle of so much life, how drearily sounded the echoes of his footsteps on the long, bare stairways; with what a hollow bang did the covers startle him as he went from one to another of his schoolmate's desks, finding desolate reminders of yesterday's companionship,—here in a disordered heap of books lying in crumbs and apple-parings; there where every thing was clean and properly arranged; and again where torn pages, holes cut through the desk bottom, and a broken jack-knife, recalled some fellow both idle and careless. On the inside top of one desk, that of one of the smallest boys, he saw a sketch of his own tacked up. In another he startled a mouse from a feast of candy remnants; and so the lonely boy went from desk to desk of those who were now forgetful of school tasks and happy at home, every step and every hour adding to the sadness of his heart, until, when he came to lay himself down at night after the dreary winter day, and thought of what his home might and should be to him, the tears trickled down to his pillow. There was nothing to console him; the sashes rattled, the howling wind called at the cracks and key-holes, and rumbled threateningly in the chimneys.

So ended the second boarding-school year of Charley's life, and so began his Christmas vacation.

The next day was Sunday,—a clear, cold, beautiful day, the snow covering every thing. The scene, so bright and exhilarating, cheered Charley's spirits as he looked out in the morning. With the Principal's family and two of the teachers who remained through the vacation, Charley went to church. Now this day was a memorable one in his life, for he heard some truth that he had never thought of before. He heard words that passed not away when the preacher's half hour was ended, but awakened interest and inquiry in the boy's mind. They were heard, though perhaps but indistinctly comprehended, as voices calling to us while we are asleep. Now I am not to repeat a sermon, or try to explain exactly how it affected Charley Balch, but it was the first one that ever thoroughly interested him and kept his attention fixed from beginning to end. The text was, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," and the aim of the discourse was to show the preciousness of every moment of a man's life, and its nobleness and happiness when passed in striving to do whatever was appointed for his hands to do, as

under the Lord's eye and for his service and approval, *not men's*. There was one sentence I must quote, as among those that set his mind to serious activity, and served greatly to give the boy new and rich ideas of the responsibility of life, and of the necessity of earnestness, whether in work or play. It was: "It is absolutely certain, then, that there is no single waking moment of our life which we can afford to lose. Never was a truer line written by any poet than that of Young, —

"The man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour."

Probably there is no such thing as an indifferent moment,—a moment in which our characters are not being secretly shaped by the bias of the will, either for good or evil. It is a great mystery, but so it is, that our eternity is suspended upon the manner in which we pass through a very short span of time. And, analogously, this very short span of time takes its complexion from the moments which go to make it up. If life itself be of such tremendous import, its constituent hours and minutes cannot be insignificant. All minutes must be made available; not indeed available in one particular form, not available in the way of work, but all available in the service of God, to which both work and diversion may contribute."

Charley Balch could not cease thinking of what he had heard. Really a new world, as it were, opened to him. He had never thought of life, works, play, except as he thought of school, lessons, and marbles,—some as troublesome, some amusing,—all chance matters of small importance. But now his mind was full, astonished, and bewildered, for the interest awakened was as a tune imperfectly caught, yet humming constantly and fatiguingly in the ears.

The boy's mind was stirred, his heart touched. The change had commenced.

Let us hasten on, for the space is limited in which to tell how the heavy chains of apathy and idleness fell off; how he started up and set himself zealously to work and to play, with high principles to guide him and bring rewards.

The next day he was pulling his sled through the village, to have it repaired at the blacksmith's, and as he walked along, turning over the new subject in his mind, he was from that led on to think of the minister,—whether he did not lead a hard, dry life; whether he ever enjoyed himself as much as other people; whether he ever laughed or cried over a novel; and he wondered too, how, if life was such a serious affair, he could ever have a cheerful, easy moment. As he was pondering

over all these things, there came a jerk on his hand holding the sled-rope, and, turning suddenly, he saw the subject of his thoughts standing with one foot on the sled and smiling with fun at his astonishment.

Before Charley found words, the clergyman said,—"So you are the only boy left at the academy; nevertheless, I wish you a merry Christmas for to-morrow. I saw you in church yesterday, and could not help remembering how I was left alone at school once through a Christmas vacation. By the way, I have not had a slide since those days, twelve years ago. Won't you let me go to some hill with you and try the fun again?"

Of course Charley Balch said Yes, determining to postpone repairs on the sled until his return. So they went off together, and Charley enjoyed as pleasant two hours as he had ever had with any of his schoolmates. In that short time, so strongly did this new friend gain Charley's confidence, that, sensitive and retiring as the boy was naturally, he found himself talking to the clergyman of things he had never spoken of to any of his comrades. In all, the man gave cheerful sympathy and advice, and soon the boy had even asked explanations of some of the perplexities in yesterday's sermon. The meeting, so valuable to Charley, ended by the clergyman's shaking hands heartily with him, and begging that he would come and see him.

That simple incident did as much for Charley as the sermon had the day previous. It made for him a friend, who remained his helper and adviser for years after. It brought him in contact with one who had a heart to feel for a boy struggling amid the dangers and ignorance of youth, a mind to discover quickly the real underlying worth of the boy, and the tact to draw it out and set it on the right path.

As the traveler, long lost in his journey because of the fog shutting out the view on all sides, suddenly feels a puff of breeze come to freshen him and lift the curtain from the landscape, showing to his eager eyes the spires of some hospitable hamlet, so Charley Balch, having become aware of his cloudy, aimless, groping state, saw, within a few days, the mists clearing away before his sight, and discovered a point whereby to set his course.

Of what inestimable importance were those Christmas Holidays to Charley. Good influences had reached his heart, his eyes were opening, he had made a friend,—a wise and true friend. Twice during that vacation did he visit the clergyman. The first call was turned into a skate to-

gether on the Hudson; the second was made a long sleigh-ride many miles back into the country, where Mr. Clinton, Charley's new friend, had to visit a sick parishioner. Mr. Clinton was a boy in overflowing spirits and freshness of feeling, but he was a man in work and wisdom. To a rare knowledge of the human heart and character, he joined a warm, loving interest in every one he could assist. And he had the tact to reach many a pain that was hidden from others, and the gentlemanly delicacy which could aid without offending. Charley laughed and enjoyed himself, but often his feelings were deeply interested. All his tastes and sentiments and hopes, the new friend discovered: his faults and perplexities were bared to the gaze of one who was able and happy to help him.

Charley read very little at this period, but he was busy thinking and thinking, while, pencil in hand, he drew he knew not what, tearing up sheet after sheet as fast as each was filled with sketches.

In the afternoon of the day before the New Year, there commenced a terrible winter storm. Up in the third-story hall of the school was a couch in a window-place looking over the river upon and beyond the hills of Rockland, while one could see up and down the Hudson for many miles. Charley, kept in-doors by the storm, went loitering through the almost deserted house, now full of sounds,—the clattering of windows and the roars and shrieks of the gale. Arrived at the upper hall, where, in addition to the other wild noises, could be heard the rattling of the tin roof, swept and battered by the gusts, Charley threw himself down in the window-place, and looked out on the storm. Evening prayers were forgotten, tea hour unheeded, and every thing of the present lost and drowned in the thoughts that drove as wildly through his mind as the winds and clouds raced in fierce disorder down on the river and up through the hills. There was sadness, because of the want of affectionate parents; there were grief and shame, because of his miserably used school-life; despair, because of his want of love and respect and character among comrades and teachers. There were, too, the hopes and aims he now felt contending with the past. There were wounded pride, duty, ambition. There were young but noble aspirations; ah! and there were unuttered prayers swelling his heart. Who was to guide and comfort the poor troubled boy, with only his bitter thoughts and the hopeless storm for companionship. Was he to be crushed by the past, to give up and sink back, be lost in de-

repair, and return to the darkness through which the rays of light had shone? No! The good words of a few days ago were bursting in his soul as good seeds do in the warm soil; the strength, sympathy, and cheerfulness of the man who had held out the hand of help and friendship to the boy, were watering. Would not God give the increase?

The busy hum of school-life commenced again. Tasks, routine, and discipline, after the indulgences and recreation of Christmas Holidays, were borne restlessly at first. The harness chafed, but habit was soon resumed, and away rolled the big fifty-horse coach over the rough roads. Some steeds, bearing on collars and bits, taking their load bravely; others with life and strength enough, but kicking, prancing, and shying, now in a trot and then in a gallop. A few were panting and striving, yet doing little for want of strength to do more; and some lazy, back-eared colts hung dull in their harness, indifferent to the whip and unmoved by the spirit of their fellows. Among these last in the team was not Charley Balch on that New Year journey; no, but to the astonishment of the school and delight of the teachers, he was at work, and how hard he had to work; how distasteful it was; and yet at it he kept. Success and reward could not come in a day, a week, or a month. Good resolves must be tried and tempered in difficulties and distress. But if there were troubles to contend with, there were encouragements to incite. Teachers proffered assistance. The much-loved Principal, whose friendly notice was an honorable badge, now stopped

sometimes for a few pleasant words with the hard-striving boy; and the head fellows began to treat Charley Balch with some regard and consideration. Those were the sweeteners of his toil, — to win respect and affection. Mr. Clinton was not the only one to befriend him now.

So Charley went on, higher and higher, his character and manners improving, his disposition growing cheerful. Rising above the old quagmire, walking on high, dry ground now, liked and respected, he gained confidence and ease with all the boys, and was soon as interested in all outdoor sports as he was earnest in his in-door tasks.

Wonderful was the change. Even the boy's appearance was altered and improved. He who was once dull, idle, unknown, and uncared for, was now a gay comrade in play, a hard student at his tasks, and an honorable, high-minded fellow everywhere. It is in these last two years of his boarding-school career that we, sometimes in these pages, meet Charley Balch on the coast and in the play-ground.

Let us, boys and men, remember how much a few earnest words, a few warm, kind acts may effect. Think how many live on, shut up in hopeless error and darkness, for want of the one charitable, gentle fellow-being to come close with words or deeds and be the honest, cheerful brother and friend. There is something good and hopeful in the worst of men or boys. Blow that spark but gently and wisely with the breath of affection, and we may light up a fire to warm and save the one who seemed dead to all good.

VICTOR MOUNTACHE.

THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF BUMBLE-BUG AND BUMBLE-BEE.



BUMBLE-BUG and Bumble-Bee

Agreed to fight a battle;

For Bumble-Bug said Bumble-Bee

Had lighted on his apple.

So Bumble-Bug to Bumble-Bee

Cried out, "Come, sir, right down,
Or I will take you on my horns,
And toss you out of town."

But Bumble-Bee told Bumble-Bug

Apples were his to eat;

And bade the Buggy get away,

With all his ugly feet.

Then Bumble-Bug began to swell,

And Bumble-Bee to buzz,

And soon they had their little heads

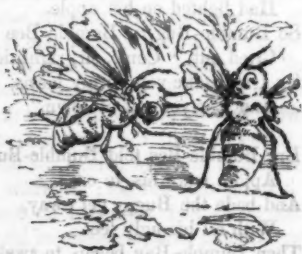
All in a little fuzz:

And Bumble-Bug began to climb
The apple round and red,
And as he went a-bugging up,
To Bumble-Bee he said:
"I'll show you, sir, old Bumble-Bee,
Whose apple you are eating;
I'll push you off upon the ground,
And give you, sir, a beating."



Then Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
Begin their famous battle,
And soon both tumble headlong down
From off the big round apple.
But Bumble-Bug soon scabbles up,
And opens wide his eyes;
And Bumble-Bee shakes out his wings,
And at Sir Buggy flies.

The Bumble-Bug tried hard to scratch,
The Bumble-Bee to sting;
The Bee put out the Buggy's eye,
The Bug tore off Bee's wing.
Then Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
Each took a little rest;
Sir Bug laid down upon his back,
Sir Bee upon his breast.



"Come, Bumble-Bug," said Bumble-Bee,
"Let's talk this matter over,
Vol. I.—No. 3. 8

As we are resting here a bit,
Under this shady clover."
"T was all your fault!" cried Bumble-Bug;
"T was yours!" buzzed Bumble-Bee;
"I found the apple first," said Bug,
"Under the apple-tree."
"Ah, ha! ah, ha!" cried Bumble-Bee,
"Just like a great black Bug!
I'll warrant you from out the ground
Your dinners oft have dug;
But I—I found the apple,
Up in the apple-tree;
I get my dinners clean and sweet,
I am a Bumble-Bee."



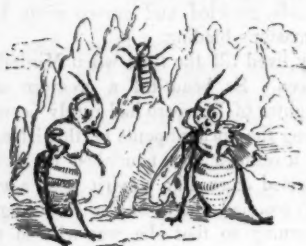
Then Bumble-Bug said he'd get up,
And kill the Bee outright;
And Bumble-Bee began to buzz,
All ready for the fight.
Oh 't was a fearful sight to see,
As Bug with lifted horns,
Went dash with all his might at Bee,
With great, black, shining horns!

Just then a tiny Ant spoke out,
From off her little hill,
And said: "Alas, most noble sirs,
My heart with grief you fill.
To see a Bumble-Bee and Bug,
As like as any brothers,
Go scratch and sting, at eye and wing,
Till each has spoiled the other's!



"The apple, big and red and round,
Is, sure, enough for all;
'T would last a little Ant like me
The summer and the fall."

There Bumble-Bee could sip the juice,
While Buggy nibbled the skin,
And I, with hundred other Ants,
Could tid-bit out and in.



"'Tis yours, 't is mine ; behold how fair,
With wealth for each, untold —
This rounded sphere of juicy pulp,
This rind of red and gold !
How pleasant, too, as we have read,
How good a thing 't would be,
Together as a family
To dwell in unity."

Then Bumble-Bug and Bumble-Bee
Were very much ashamed,
While thus the quiet little Ant
Their wicked conduct blamed ;
And tears stood in that flashing eye,
Down drooped that vaunting wing,
As each pledged each to never more
Do such a naughty thing.

But not the tear in Buggy's eye,
Nor Bumble's drooping wing,
Can take from out their little hearts
Remembered scratch and sting.
And ever, when they meet again,
On pretty fruit or flower,
They think, with still repenting hearts,
Upon that battle hour.



STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

II.

THE TEMPEST.

ONCE upon a time there lived upon an island, far off in Southern seas, a wonderful wise magician, with one only daughter. The island was far away from all inhabited lands, and no human being had ever set foot on its shores, till the magician came there. But it had been the abode of genii and fairies, and all kinds of elfin creatures, ever since it first rose from the bosom of the green sea. It was an isle of more than earthly beauty. All sorts of plants and flowers grew there from spring to winter, and from winter to spring again. Groves of palms and orange-trees, of willows and of oaks, grew side by side, and the island blossomed with color and beauty such as eye never beheld in any other spot.

Here the great magician Prospero lived and reigned over myriads of subjects, — not human subjects, but all the creatures of the elements, — the fairies of the earth, air, and water, of which the isle was full. Prospero had not always been

king over such an unreal kingdom as this seems to us. Not many years before, when his daughter Miranda, who was now a lovely young maiden, was an infant of two or three years, he had been ruler over a powerful realm — nothing less than the Duchy of Milan. But though he was a good prince, and loved his people very dearly, he was too fond of the study of magic, and all sorts of occult arts and sciences. He thought, meanwhile, that his kingdom was taken good care of, for he trusted all his affairs in the hands of his only brother, whom he thought a good and loyal minister of his will. One would have imagined that Prospero's inquiries into all the mysteries of magic might have taught him how to read the designs of men, but it seems they did not ; for while he was deep in his books, and suspected no harm, this bad brother Antonio took possession of his throne, seized Prospero and the little Princess Miranda, thrust them into a leaky boat, and pushed them off into the wide ocean, all alone by themselves.

But it sometimes happens that the winds and

waves, and all the great forces of Nature, though they seem so pitiless, are more kind than men. It proved so in this case, for the waves gently tossed, and the winds blew them on to the shores of this enchanted island, where Prospero dwelt when the story commences.

When they first landed on the island, Prospero heard issuing from the forest which skirted the shores wailings and lamentations, which seemed to be uttered by some human creature. He entered the wood, and, guided by these cries, came at length to a tall pine, and there in the heart of a living tree, with only the head and shoulders visible, he found imprisoned the body of an exquisite creature, evidently some delicate fairy of the air. He was firmly wedged in the very middle of the trunk of this huge tree, which had grown around and bound him constantly tighter and tighter in its tough, woody fibres. Prospero stopped and conjured him to tell his name, and why he was thus horribly tortured.

On this the spirit ceased his cries, and told the Duke that his name was Ariel, that he belonged to a race of fairies of the air, and that he was thus imprisoned in the entrails of this pine by the power of a vile witch named Sycorax, who had for a time possessed and governed this island. He told Prospero also that the island was now inhabited by the son of this frightful hag, — a vicious monster, whose name was Caliban, — and that this cruel wretch now occasionally visited his prison to punish and torment him in addition to his present tortures.

When Prospero heard this story, he exacted a solemn vow from Ariel that he would serve him faithfully as servant and subject if he were once set free from the pine. Prospero exacted this promise because he knew that, as fairies had no souls, he could not depend on his gratitude. When Ariel took this vow, and called on all that fairies hold most sacred to witness his oath, Prospero uttered some fearful conjuration, and in an instant Ariel spread his sparkling wings in the sunshine and hovered over their heads. He then took carefully in his arms the little Princess Miranda, and floating through the air as lightly as the down of a thistle, conducted Prospero to a cave in a huge rock, where he could find comfortable shelter.

In this rocky cave the magician made his home. He furnished it with all comforts and necessities, and even had in it a luxurious grotto for the chamber of the little princess, which, by the means of magic, he furnished with more than royal splendor. Here his delicate Ariel served him faithfully, and here the young Miranda grew

daily in the rarest grace and beauty. The monster Caliban, whom no kindness could tame, Prospero kept to do all rude offices for him, the hewing of wood and drawing of water for the little household; and the monster, not daring to disobey his commands, growled and cursed while he did his great master's bidding.

So they lived till the time when Miranda was about sixteen. So beautiful a creature as this young daughter of Prospero had rarely been seen. Bred among the enchantments of this island, her own rich loveliness was nourished by wonders, till she seemed more like a spirit than a mortal. Her father, too, had taught her much strange and curious learning, so that she was wise in things foreign from her sex and years. She had seen no faces which resembled the human, except those of her father, and his servants Ariel and Caliban. Unaware of her rank as princess, or of the loss of worldly power which her father had suffered in her infancy, she was quite happy in his little kingdom, and regarded him as the most potent of earthly princes.

While things were in this condition on the island, a large fleet appeared with spread sails, which looked in the far distance like a flock of tiny white birds spreading their wings against the blue sky. This fleet belonged to Alonzo, King of Naples, who had just married his only daughter to an African prince, and having escorted her to the abode of her husband in Tunis, was now returning home after the marriage festivities. The duchy of Milan was tributary or subject to the kingdom of Naples, and all the principal lords of that kingdom were on board the fleet, Antonio, Prospero's bad brother, among the rest. King Alonzo had also with him his son Ferdinand, heir to the crown of Naples, and his brother Sebastian, besides many other noblemen of Naples and Milan. All these nobles, dukes, and princes were on board the king's vessel, which headed the fleet.

Prospero had for some time known of the approach of this fleet, and had divined what persons were on board, and at what moment the king's ship would sail near the island. When this moment arrived he sent Ariel to intercept the King's ship, and to separate it from the other vessels.

Ariel did his work well and faithfully, like a true creature of the elements to which he belonged. He made the whole atmosphere around the ship glitter with flames and flash with lightning. Here, there, and everywhere, he flamed in the eyes of the astonished crew. Upon the mast, the bows, and on the vessels he sat aflame, so that the air and water seemed to vomit fires. The

sailors, struck with fear, could hardly work the ship, which Ariel all the time drew closer and closer to the shores of the island. At length the lords, the young prince, and the King himself, plunged into the foaming sea, and all reached the shore in safety.

Ariel plunged the sailors into a deep sleep, and left them securely fastened under the hatches on the vessel. Then he managed cunningly to separate into small groups those who swam to the shore, so that each party supposed the others lost. In one part of the island he drew some of the lower officers of the ship's crew; in another sheltered portion of the shores were placed the King Alonzo, Duke Antonio, Sebastian the King's brother, and some other nobles; and by some strange music, that had enchantment in it, he led the son of the King, Prince Ferdinand, to the entrance of the cave, where Prospero awaited him.

Ferdinand was amazed at this wondrous sweet music, which seemed to float over his head, and although he was grieving for the loss of his father and all his friends, whom he thought dead, he could not help listening to and admiring this sweet song:—

"Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feathery here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Burden.—Hark, hark!
Bow, wow!
The watch-dogs bark.
Bow, wow!

Ariel.—Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock a doodle doo!"

As Ariel ended, Ferdinand looked up and met the eyes of the loveliest maiden he had ever gazed on. Since every thing seemed to be enchanted in this place, he thought she must be the goddess of the isle. He spoke to her thus, but she told him that she was no goddess, but a simple maiden, and as mortal as himself. And as she had never seen any human shape before save that of her father and his two servants, the handsome young prince seemed to her something almost supernatural, and like a hero of romance. Thus it happened, that from the first moment they looked into each other's eyes they loved each other.

Although it was a part of Prospero's plans that these two should be attached to each other, yet he did not desire that his daughter should be too easily won, so at this moment he advanced and claimed Ferdinand as his prisoner. The prince tried to resist, and was about to draw his sword

at being so rudely attacked, when his arm was instantly made powerless by the force of magic, and he was obliged to yield. He followed Prospero into his cave, and in spite of Miranda's tears and entreaties, was treated with much severity. Prospero set him to the task of removing some heavy logs, and piling them up near the grotto.

During all this time King Alonzo, Antonio, Sebastian, and the rest, were in another part of the island. They, too, heard all sorts of strange noises, and saw all kinds of strange sights. Fatigued with all their escapes and adventures, Alonzo and some of the others lay down upon the ground to sleep, leaving only Antonio and Sebastian awake. Now Antonio was one of those bad men who are not satisfied with their own wickedness and the fruits of it, but wish to tempt others to bad deeds. As they watched there together, he began to say to Sebastian, that since Ferdinand was drowned, he, the brother of the King, was the next heir to the throne. Then he went on skillfully to hint that if Alonzo were dead, Sebastian might now ascend the throne. Sebastian listened till his avarice and ambition were aroused, and he had drawn his sword and was about to kill the King, when Ariel, who was always on the alert, came in to interrupt the plan, aroused the sleeping lords, and so saved Alonzo. The wicked project of the two conspirators was thus defeated. Then they all rose up and went together to see if they could find any sign of human habitation.

Caliban had been sent off by Prospero to gather fagots to burn, and on his way met two common fellows belonging to the ship, who had managed to get to shore with a bottle of liquor from the wreck, and were already half drunk with what they had taken. Caliban had never seen man except Prospero, and supposing all human beings to be equally powerful, he paid them great respect. Stephano, the one who had possession of the bottle, generously gave the monster a drink, and the fumes of the liquor, rising straight to Caliban's brain, made him partly intoxicated. The stupid monster then concluded that the man who owned so potent a beverage must be even more powerful than his master, and he proposed to them to aid him in a plot to assassinate Prospero, that they might become owners of the island, which he described as abounding in all sorts of natural wealth. Stephano and his companion, Trinculo, readily entered into the plan, and they all journeyed back to the cave, to get possession of Prospero's magic books and robes, and then to murder him.

When evening came on, all Prospero's plans were working famously. Ferdinand had told the story of his parentage and rank to Prospero, and had besought him that he might have Miranda for his wife, and the old Duke had graciously given his blessing to their love. Alonzo, Sebastian, and Antonio were now close by, in a grove near the entrance of the cave. The drunken fellows and Caliban, whose designs Ariel had overheard and betrayed to his master, were being well pinched and tortured by spirits of the air, whom Prospero set on to harass them.

As the King and his followers drew close to the cave, Prospero suddenly revealed himself to their astonished eyes, and accused Antonio of his crime in stealing the kingdom. He also reproached the King of Naples for having countenanced his brother in defrauding him of his duchy. Alonzo was overcome with grief and remorse, especially as he was ready to consider the loss of his son as a punishment for his misdeeds.

While he stood in grief, Prospero drew aside a curtain, and showed Ferdinand and Miranda play-

ing chess together. They were a lovely sight, the handsome prince and young maid, as they sat there, wholly wrapt in contemplation of each other, and unconscious of the party who were gazing on them.

But when the Prince and King recognized each other, you can imagine the joy of the meeting. Every thing was explained; the King gave his consent to the marriage of the young lovers, while Antonio, unable to resist the just demands of his powerful brother, yielded him back his dukedom, and pretended to be penitent.

Prospero nobly forgave all injuries, and giving the dainty Ariel his liberty from that time forth, he embarked upon the King's ship, which lay peacefully in the harbor, and they all set sail for Naples, where Ferdinand and Miranda were speedily united in marriage. Prospero was again placed on the throne of Milan, and the enchanted island has never since known human inhabitant, but remains lonely and beautiful in the midst of the sea.

A. S. McFARLAND.

AMONG THE TREES.

February 10.

YES, my dear Rose, "Among the Trees" is the name I have given for the present to our country home, a little picture of a place framed by sequestering hills. An appropriate name you would allow, for before us and around us and behind the house to the mountain top stretch the grand and wonderful trees. What the real name will be I do not know.

Father finds one quite remarkable in Latin and another equally so in French; the first expressing something which actually happened to this place years ago, and the other very prettily enshrining the name of a family who once owned it. But we hope to escape these. Aunt Emily says she does not care how stylish and foreign the city places are named, but here on these green slopes, watered by mountain streams and made beautiful by forest-trees and wild flowers, some good old English word seems best. Hills and trees and brooks make the prettiest names for sweet country places. I am rejoiced that we live at last where there are mountains. Mountains, or the sea, should be in sight from the windows of all country houses. Mountains are all around us, and a walk to the summit behind the house gives us also a view of the distant ocean.

We came here, as you know, in mid-winter, a dreary time one would think to begin living in the country; but the weather was mild and the walks so pleasant that we went into the woods almost every day. Many a day in December, when the city dweller supposes the country a frozen desert, dead and buried beneath a shroud of snow, we have gone out after breakfast and found enough to interest and keep us out all the forenoon.

It was seldom cold after we reached the wood-paths, for the winds did not penetrate the forest of tree-trunks. There were always sheltered dells upon the southern slopes, where the frost only put his cold fingers in the way of graceful adornment; the beauty and variety of the winter mosses were a perpetual delight, and the hardy winter birds would follow our steps, fluttering from tree to tree, and seemingly extending to us the hospitalities of their peculiar domain.

We always found interesting things during these strolls, but first I must tell you of a pretty little flower which gained our earliest affections in this winter solitude. It is one of the spring's first welcomers, blossoming early in April. You may think it has no place in winter woods, but it has, as I shall show you. We noticed a plant with

pretty three-lobed leaves floating out on long stems over the mosses and among the rocks. Some of these leaves were rusty and weather-beaten; but in sheltered spots they were often of a fine deep green, and tinged with crimson and maroon. We took up some of these plants, and found soft, fair bunches of delicate buds just beneath the soil. We took them home, placed them carefully in a flower-pot in a sunny window, and in a few days they began to grow. The buds shot

find, and examine them botanically, though you, city dweller that you are, cannot do this because you cannot get them. Ah no; you may hunt from one end to the other of Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce, or Pine Streets, but under none of these pretended trees will you find one sweet little wild-wood blossom.

But you must take Gray's Botany and read on page sixth the botanical description of "*Hepatica-triloba*, Liver-leaf, belonging to the Ranunculaceæ, or Crowfoot Family," described as having "heart-shaped, three-lobed leaves, persistent through the winter, flowering soon after the snow leaves the ground; flowers blue, purple, and white."

You must read with the greatest care and patience the description of plants given in the Botany; no matter if it seems hard and stupid, it must be *understood*. The minuteness of botanical description is wonderful, and this is necessary, because the distinction between different species of flowers depends often upon a very slight thing, — some little bract or nectary that would quite escape the eye of a casual observer.

Well, this is our first flower, blooming January first. I fear it will be several months before we have another to register. Oh no, it will not be, though I came near forgetting the Witch-hazel. This is a tree, it is true, but it has a strange way of flowering; has, or had once, a mysterious reputation, and blossoming in winter we cannot afford to slight it. We found this tree one day in December covered with quantities of little yellow flowers growing upon the bare branches. They are not very handsome flowers, but interesting at that time of year, and delightful to us novices in rural life. Not a leaf on the tree, only these blossoms and the dried seed-vessels of the last year. We thought at once that it must be the Witch-hazel, as we had lately read that this tree alone has the courage to blossom in winter. We took a branch home, and Father put one of the seed-vessels in his pocket, and the next day in the city he showed it to a botanical friend of his, who, as soon as he glanced at it, said, "That is the *Hamamelis-Virginica*, or Witch-hazel." How do you suppose he could tell by that old, dried seed-vessel?

You must have a book in which to register the names of the flowers, for we want you to have this acquaintance, at least, with our friends. You will see by the lists we shall send you how to prepare your book. You will observe the order of arrangement, — Class, Order, Genus, Species, Common name, &c.

In putting down the *botanical name*, which



[*Hepatica-triloba*.]

up on downy, purplish stems several inches high, and in about three weeks, on New Year's morning, behold, several of the buds opened and the lovely purple blossoms of the *Hepatica* appeared.

We had never seen them before, and were of course delighted with the new flower, and with enjoying in January what we had expected to wait for till April, and above all with the charming sentiment of the thing, the friendly hurrying up of these fair creations, to wish us strangers a happy New Year.

Now we study all about the flowers which we

comprises the *genus and species*, you will of course begin the *generic* name with a capital letter, but the *specific* name should always begin with a small letter, and should be divided from the generic name by a hyphen, thus:—

Hepatica-trioba;

Arethusa-bulbosa, &c.;

unless, as frequently happens, the species is named for a place or person; then the species also must begin with a capital letter, as:—

Cornus-Canadensis;

Viola-Selkirkii, &c.

Now do you think this is too much trouble to take for these "darlings of the forest"? I hope not, for in no other way can you become understandingly and forever at home with these fair friends.

In one of our botanical books it is said, that the *Hepatica* with round lobes to the leaves grows on the southern slopes of hills, and the *acuti-lobed* upon the northern slopes, and it is certain that all we have found are round-lobed, and our hill-side slopes southward. When the spring advances we intend to extend our search over the mountains and down the northern side, to see if there is any difference.

February 14.

I must now tell you of a winter water-plant, which we discovered in a most romantic little nook.

As you go up the hills a short distance from the house, a path leads down a ravine toward a mountain stream. Taking this path you find yourself on the edge of a steep bank, and on three sides are high rocks crowned with trees. Looking over the bank you see below a pretty little lake, its basin scooped out at the bottom of these high rocks. This fairy lake is formed by water, which, coming from the hills, finds its way in many little trickling streams through the crevices of these surrounding cliffs, and these little streams keep drip, drip, dripping all the time.

Helen has named it the Green Lake, because in the depth of winter, when we first discovered it, it was as green as the freshest green grass of early summer. Helen clambered down the steep bank almost to the edge of the water, and put out her cane (for we all carry canes or sticks on our walks) to touch the green water, and lo! it was hard as marble, frozen entirely over, and of this beautiful green. We could not think what made it look so, but Father said the water must be filled with water-plants. It seemed as if these poor little water-plants must all be killed by this hard freezing. After a few days, however, during which there had been a soft rain, Helen and I

went again to the Green Lake, and the water, no longer frozen, was green as ever; and putting in our sticks, we drew out long streamers of the delicate plant. It had very small, bright-green leaves, and the plants growing so thick and fine that it looked like a green carpet. I wish I could have sent you a block of that ice, veined throughout with these delicate leaves and stems.

All winter, too, through the cracks in the high rocks, we could see the pure mountain water trickling down over mosses that were as green as emeralds, often covered with a coating of ice, and long icicles hanging amongst them, but never losing their greenness. We picked some of this moss from the cold rocks, all sparkling with icy water. We found that it grew in the slenderest, frailest threads, an inch or two long, of velvety softness and brilliant green. We tried to make it live in the house in a nice warm place, under glass and amidst graceful tropical ferns. It looked fresh and lovely for a day or two, and was as beautiful, I am sure, as any tropical moss can be, but after a little while it began to turn brown and lost all its beauty. I suppose it longed for the cold, oozing mountain drops, the long, bright icicles, and its home in the fairy little hollows of the old gray rocks, for all our care could not make it flourish in the house.

But we found many beautiful mosses in the woods that *did* flourish very well in the house. Of these I must tell you, for they were steadfast friends all through the winter, and are worthy of an affectionate tribute.

February 20.

These woodland mosses and lichens are very unlike those we found growing in the crevices of the wet rocks. Many have an evergreen hardness, and bear removing very well.

Some grew upon the ground like little evergreen trees; others most graceful like minute ferns; and a favorite kind we could strip from the trunks of trees, in pieces as large as a breakfast-plate. This was a very thin moss of a dark-green ground, dotted all over with brighter green dots, and we called it the *carpet moss*. Then we found perfectly round balls, with a soft covering, and standing thickly upon it short stems with the roundest green heads. These we called *pin-cushion* mosses, and you could not believe, unless you saw them, how much they look like plump little cushions stuck full of green pins.

These mosses will keep bright for weeks in shallow dishes of water, or wet sand, and we delighted to arrange winter verdure so refreshing and unfading.

Another beautiful moss, which was more rare, grew upon the decaying stumps of trees. This was brilliant, metallic-green below, and tipped with scarlet. It was delightful to see this under the microscope; the green stalk—which to the naked eye seemed thickly set with shining dots—became a perfect forest of transparent branches, with emerald tips of wondrous beauty, finished off with this brilliant scarlet crown.

Then there was the soldier moss, where the little red caps fit on the heads of the slender stems, and can so prettily be drawn off, to the delight of children; and the "fairy cups," the pale-green lichens, little cups and vases just large enough for the fairies. We found some three stories' high, that is, a little saucer below, from which sprang a slender stem, expanding into a little vase, and, out of the edge of this, three or four of the tiny cups rising, all perfectly formed, and ready for an elfin festival.

These lichens are air-plants growing upon the trunks of trees, upon old rocks, old fences, and decaying stumps. They clothe these objects with a grace that delights the eye of a true lover. Upon the limbs of some old apple-trees which were lying upon the side of a hill, we found a perfect flower-garden of its kind,—fair forms and soft coloring, and an elaborate and fanciful crimping and scalloping, and ornamenting of edges, quite bewildering to the observer. One would be disposed to pass by a collection of unsightly old apple-tree boughs with no notice, except to ask why they were not burned up. But these were covered with beauty. We would find within a space of five or six inches enough to excite our wondering delight, not only for the moment, but for the winter, as these, mingled with dried grasses, retain their beauty for months. In their arrangement there would generally be, first, a flat, gray groundwork running around the limb, a sort of little tray upon which would be clustered the varying forms I spoke of. Sometimes simple leaf-shapes, small and smooth; then leaf-shapes with waved and curled and fringed edges, soft gray on one side, pearly white upon the other, and the "silver linings" turning out with every curving edge. Amongst them would be found fair bell-shaped and wheel-shaped forms, little tubes swelling into perfect buds, buds expanding into what so much resembled flowers that the resemblance would be recognized by any one who would look at them. The quiet gray, which was the prevailing color, was often enlivened by gay touches of orange, purple, rose-color, and ashes of roses.

We have also amused ourselves in arranging vases of the dried seed-vessels of plants which we find in the woods and fields. You would be amazed at the variety and beauty of these. I cannot mention all, for many we do not know. By *we*, I mean Aunt Emily, or Father, or any one who has some knowledge of Nature. Isabel-la, Helen, and I do not know much of any thing yet, but we select as special favorites the bloomy purple of the Sumac, the rich browns and maroons of Hemlock cones and Larches, the dear acorn cups, the peculiar involucre of the Hazel-nut, the stiff stems and quaint blossoms of the Witch-hazel, the folded carpels of the Tulip-tree, the spiny balls of the Gum-tree, the silvery shine of Everlasting, and the elegant berries of the Wax-work; and mingled with these, and overtopping them, slender stems and seed-vessels of airy lightness.

February 28.

We have found the greatest pleasure in a glass case for flowers. Ours is of domestic manufacture, and though of course not as handsome as those made in cities, of costly materials, looks very well indeed, and is a treasure in our country home. Father had a box made of black-walnut, and lined with zinc, and the glass cover he made himself when at home in the evenings.

I thought this part very difficult, but he did not. He had large plates of glass which he cut of the required size with a diamond, and placed the edges of the glass together in the right shape upon a table, keeping them in place with books and other things. He then pasted strips of strong buff paper over the seams on the outside. After these strips were dry, he turned the glass carefully over, and pasted the inside seams also. It has answered our purpose admirably. It has been used for months, and the paper has never peeled off, though there is so much moisture within. Around the upper edge of the box is a narrow shelf upon which the glass cover rests, so that it can be lifted off at pleasure. John covered the bottom of the box with pieces of charcoal, then filled it with nicely sifted earth, and it was ready for experiments.

A botanical friend in the city sent out a basket of treasures from a greenhouse. In the first place, an Air-plant. Such a queer-looking thing, fastened upon a piece of wood, and the roots standing up in all directions to draw nourishment from the air, for with the earth they have nothing to do. This plant has no beauty of its own at present, though they say the flower is splendid; but even if it never blossoms, it has an interest



TRAPPING BLUE JAYS.

for us. It whispers of those wondrous tropical woods, always so delightful to read about; those tangled labyrinths of bloom, where the sunshine finds its way through orange groves and flowering trees; where the hot and humid atmosphere nourishes in gorgeous splendor the brilliant air-plants, whose blossoms take the aspect of airy insects, and insects glitter like flying blossoms, and gay birds take the tints of the rainbow.

Next to the Air-plant came a fair, tropical Fern, then two or three more Ferns, fine-leaved and delicate, — among them that most graceful and exquisite of Ferns, the tropical Maiden-hair, the small, beautifully shaped green leaves strung along upon a slight stem that looks like a thread of amber, or a golden hair from some maiden's brow.

Then came a tall, stiff plant, without a trace of grace or beauty, — but who knows what may come of it? Then two or three evergreen plants, of elegant habit of growth; then a quaint little plant, singularly marked with pure white lines and spots upon the most vivid green ground, and bound around the edge with a white binding.

We had supposed that we must select our Mosses and Ferns from the woods, and we were by no means discouraged at this, for the woods abound with charming varieties, and although we were glad enough to get these foreign celebrities, we did not wholly slight the favorites upon our own soil.

We went to the woods and found the nice carpet moss to cover the ground, and I begged Aunt Emily to find a place for a little pin-cushion about the size of one of our old-fashioned china tea-cups; perfectly formed it was and stuck brimful of pins.

We also selected several charming little Ferns, favorites of ours, and genteel enough to be introduced into the most aristocratic society. We put down the soft emerald carpet; then upon one side we made an excavation, stoned it all around with prettily colored stones and shells, fitted into the bottom a small cup which did not show, filled this with water, and placed at the edges the graceful, feathery Ferns to droop above the tiny lake. Helen found a slender twig overgrown with those wonderful lichens, with little orange and scarlet tips, and this thrown across the lake was a rustic bridge. A stone, beautiful with the freshest mossy covering, became a bold headland by the water's side; and one or two pearly buff-colored shells, thin as a finger-nail and as transparent, floated like fairy boats upon the fairy tide. The

pin-cushion was placed beneath the delicate Maiden-hair, the Air-plant honorably stationed, and all the rest arranged in the most desirable positions. The plants were then generously watered, the glass cover placed over them, and there they are at this moment fresh and dewy and unfading, and if the fairies do not come every moonlight night to dance upon that bridge, swing on those Ferns, and sail in those amber skiffs, it is their own loss.

These plants have been for months in the case, and are fresh as ever. If the cases are perfectly air-tight, the plants require watering but once or twice a year, perhaps not as often; but ours is not



[Walking Fern.]

quite air-tight, and our plants get a sprinkling once in three or four weeks.

Many wonder how these plants can thrive shut in from the fresh air, usually considered so essential to the prosperity of plants. I do not pretend to understand it, but will quote for your edification a sentence which Isabella read the other day from some scientific essay. "The deterioration of the atmosphere is daily counteracted by an opposite process of purification, so that amidst the vicissitudes of perpetual change, the air is maintained in a state of nearly uniform purity, and serves over and over again the purposes of vegetation." The essayist then proves his theory by nitrogens, oxygens, &c., but this I spare you.

These cases are delightful things, and how fortunate is Mr. Ward to find his name a household

word, linked with the imperishable freshness of his charming invention. We often placed bouquets of rare flowers in the case, sticking the stems into the earth. They would remain fresh for a couple of weeks. There are also many small and brilliant greenhouse plants which contrast finely with the deep verdure of the Ferns, giving a lightness and elegance to the affair which is very satisfying. Our box is about eighteen inches long, twelve wide, and six or eight inches deep.

March 27.

March is here, fitful and blustering at times, but promising the summer to us through all its caprices, and often bringing on its rushing wings a soft glow, a sweet vernal breath that must have been rifled from the approaching flower-crowned April. The days, too, are growing long, and the sun looks in at our windows an hour earlier than he once did, and every day we are drawing nearer to those golden summer mornings in the country, of which we know so little. The streams "have all set out to meet the sea," though our mountain streams have been on their joyous way all winter, no frost having fettered them, and the spring rains causing them to dash onward with a resounding roar. As I write, I can hear the rush of one which flows through the ravine, separating us from the grounds of our next neighbor. These dancing streams are the ornaments exactly adapted to the scenery around.

As we go to church at the village a mile or two away, we cross seventeen of these graceful wanderers, some of them insignificant it is true, not much broader than a floating ribbon, as they glance through the green meadows, but Helen and I count every one, and each has its own charm. Some are rushing and foamy torrents,

some quiet and almost silent as they go, but all have that inimitable grace which is the attribute of water everywhere.

I have just learned Tennyson's "Song of the Brook," and if you could see ours which "sparkles out among the fern and bickers down the valley," you would, I am sure, deem it worthy of a poet's song. We have adorned it with numerous pools, cascades, and rapids. When we came here we found our brook in a most neglected condition. The falling leaves had choked its flow, and the old limbs of trees, which had occasionally fallen in, had impaired its beauty; but Uncle Charles was here then, and he, with Helen and me, worked many an hour to get things in better order, and we often had assistance from very dignified hands and very fastidious fingers. With india-rubber boots we have not been afraid of pretty deep wading, and it is true that White-toes, our great black dog (black all but the white toes), has done his part toward beautifying this favorite haunt of ours; for as we would poke out the old sticks which had long had possession of all the desirable curves and hollows, he would seize them in his teeth and transport them to parts unknown.

In one place we have made a delicious pool, cool and clear, by piling large, moss-covered rocks in a curve across the brook, then others we placed at suitable heights and distances below these, and over all the water sweeps in a series of cascades very satisfactory to the proprietors.

We have searched carefully for flowers during this month, but none have yet appeared. Heavy rains have kept us in-doors many days, and now we are looking forward to that "fitful April" which will bring us without doubt many a vernal blossom.

MARY LORIMER.

OUT OF NOTHING.

MOTT MILLETTE had never wanted for a full complement of clothing or sufficiency of wholesome food, but at odd times the amount of change in his pocket-book was much less than the amount required to meet the demands of some object he had in view. Very forcibly was this the case one quiet, warm afternoon of last October, as Mott left the laboratory of Tautmitch College, after his recitations in Chemistry, — the subject that day had been Silver, — and went to his private study; reflecting how impossible it was for him "to go to

Egg Island without silver." His little room was at the head of the first flight of steps in a small house, where Mott lived with his mother and two sisters.

Here he indulged in a series of gloomy thoughts, seeing, as he did, no immediate way to obtain the funds desired. After passing his fingers through his hair several times, however, as he sat at his table, his face suddenly assumed a more satisfied expression, and without a word he left the room.

Where he went, what he did, and how he did it, let us learn by following him closely.

Directing his steps to the rooms of a photographer who was his uncle, he went to the operating room, and finding his uncle Morris disengaged, asked him if he had lying about any clippings from the pictures, and other similar waste material. Finding that he had, Mott gathered each sort into a separate package, and well burdened with a goodly bundle of paper, and a bottle of what seemed to be dirty, sirupy liquid, he returned home and assorted his parcels. Carefully drying the paper clippings and filters, he procured a stout piece of stove-pipe, and placing it upright he dropped a burning piece of the paper into it, and continued to feed the flame from above, till all the paper was reduced to a mass of heavy light-gray ashes. Then he diluted with water the liquid that was in the bottle, till it was thin and nearly colorless, when he threw into it a handful of table-salt. Immediately a beautiful flaky white powder appeared and sank to the bottom of the vessel. Adding more salt, more snow-like particles appeared, and when these sank, he added still more, but now no more precipitate showed itself; so, having well shaken the bottle, he set it aside, and started off at a quick pace to the laboratory. There he borrowed of Professor Kitchen two Hessian crucibles and a large glass funnel, with a filter-paper to fit; returning, he placed the filter in the funnel, and supporting it on a suitable stand, poured the white powder and water from the bottle, so that the filter caught the powder and allowed the water to trickle through.

It was now too dark to see; so carefully fastening the door of the shed in which he had been working, he went off whistling to the house. In the entry he met his friend John Nichols, who had been looking for him, and told him that he would be ready to carry out their plans on Wednesday. Nichols left satisfied, and Mott sought his little study.

Now what had he done to clear away his look of trouble? This: Silver, when treated with nitric acid, is converted into flat, glassy crystals, which are themselves readily dissolved in water, and the paper on which your photograph is taken is prepared with these dissolved silver-crystals. After using a solution thus made for some time, the photographer finds it too weak for what is required of it, and is compelled to make up a new one, or "bath," (as he terms it,) and put away the old one, which he takes good care of, knowing that there still remains enough silver to warrant its being kept and ultimately utilized. Mott had

learned that the paper once wet with the silver bath retained the metal, and use the paper as you may, the silver is always there, and the question simply was, how to get rid of the paper. In the first place, he reduced the bulk by burning the paper, and had now simply paper-ash and oxide of silver, the nitric acid being dissipated by heat. Surely here was a step toward the accomplishing of his apparent wish. Instead of paper with a nitrate of the oxide of silver, he had ashes and oxide. Mott knew that table-salt was a compound of chlorine and the metal sodium, and he remembered that this chlorine had a great liking for silver, so much so that, when it had the opportunity, it would drive away any nitric acid that might be present, and take its place with the silver; while the acid could go to the sodium, or anywhere else, for all he cared. What was the object of having a chloride instead of a nitrate? Simply that the former is a powder and much more easily handled, and, better yet, is a step nearer, as it is a chloride of the metal, while the other is a salt of the oxide. We now see the reason for what he did during his first afternoon's attempt at making money.

Mott did not allow his mind to rest on his partly finished work during the evening, but fully studied out what had been assigned to him, and promptly, the next morning, was at his post in the laboratory. Before nine o'clock that morning, however, he had brought from the garret a good, small coal-stove, and got it in position in the shed; then, calculating the value, having ascertained the weight of two scuttles of coal, he placed them, with kindlings, in a box near by, and with a smile breakfasted and went to college very happy.

Upon leaving the college, a trace of boyish impatience showed itself. More hurriedly than usual, he went to his dinner, and during the meal was less communicative, and, unlike boys, less inquisitive. As soon as politeness permitted him to leave the table, he went to the shed, and seeing with a single glance that all was as he had left it, recommenced his endeavor to earn the wished-for sum of money.

Building a hot fire in the stove, and securing a good draught by placing a section of pipe from the grate to a hole in the wall, he now placed in the centre of the coals a Hessian crucible, and leaving it, went to the drug-store. There he purchased a half pound of saltpetre and a pound of sal-soda, and by the time he had reached home the crucible was a bright cherry red. He now took a quantity of the paper-ash and placed it in the crucible, and added a small lump of the saltpetre; while it

was crackling and flaming with an intense heat, he placed the now well-drained chloride on a plate and put it in a position near the stove where it could be thoroughly dried. Ladle-full at a time, he placed all the ashes in the crucible, where they sank down into a bright fiery mass, as the lumps of saltpetre were gradually added. All, at last, being in, Mott now gave the mass an extra dose of the flux and freshened up the fire. After leaving it undisturbed for some time, he found, on looking, that the contents of the crucible had settled till the vessel was but half full, and small bubbles rising continually to the surface kept the molten mass in a tremulous motion. This, however, soon ceased, and the crucible now seemed a red-hot glass tumbler. After leaving it about an hour longer in this quiet state, Mott then carefully lifted it from the stove and placed it to cool, outside the shed-door, and rebuilt the fire for the second crucible and chloride. When the fresh coals were well lighted, he placed in position the second crucible, and while waiting for it to become hot, went out to see if the former one was now cool. It was but partly so, but as it had no crack about it, Mott knew he could well wait a little longer, as the silver must be there. Indeed, the few silver globules that glistened on the outside proved that. Impatient, Mott got a pair of tongs, and laying the crucible upon its side, with a smart tap of a hammer, broke it open. A second blow broke the bottom into several pieces, and a beautiful button of silver, fully ten troy ounces in weight, rolled out on the ground. Handling it very carefully, as it was still hot, he carried it to the pump, and cooled it with a stream of water over it. When quite cold, he grasped it with a grip of satisfaction and pleasure, and returned to see to the crucible he had left in the stove.

It was now beginning to get dark, and unable to postpone the remainder of the work, he procured a lantern, and continued, after his tea, very much in the same manner in which we saw that he treated the oxide and paper-ashes. He commenced by placing the chloride in the crucible when the vessel was at a dull redness, and added a good supply of the sal-soda. When the chloride was all in, and thoroughly mixed with the soda, he allowed the fire to freshen, and soon had the vessel a bright red, and the contents, as before, a molten mass. There was more bubbling, however, and a longer time elapsed before it ceased, but at last the contents were motionless and glassy, as in the other crucible, and Mott and John Nichols, who had come in, were now discuss-

ing the plan they had in view for the following day, and wondering if they would have any trouble in disposing of the silver. About nine o'clock the crucible and contents had been in about the required time, and it was lifted out, and treated as the preceding one had been. The result was a button of similar appearance, of about one half the weight. With the two in his pocket, Mott put out the fire, fastened the shed-door, and bidding John good-night, went in and gave his mother a full account of his work, which he had very prudently kept a secret until then, as he had no desire to be laughed at, and considered as having been guilty of a wild-goose chase.

"Mottie," said his sister Jennie, "you can just do this all over again, if you please, and buy me a new pair of skates for this winter, with more buttons."

"Can I?"

"Yes, or if that is too much trouble, why, these will do," and clutching the silver buttons, Jennie, with a bound, left the room, and locked the door of her own room behind her, before Mott knew what she was about.

Now let us see what Mott had done, and why he did it. We noticed that he bought saltpetre and sal-soda of the apothecary. The first-mentioned of these two chemicals is a compound of potash and nitric acid, which are themselves compounds of potassium and oxygen, and nitrogen and oxygen. In chemical phraseology, KO , NO_3 . Now we see here that potassium or kalium has one equivalent weight of oxygen, and the nitrogen has five, or as the salt, there are six parts of the oxygen and one each of the other substances. Heat will decompose them, setting free the oxygen. We saw that Mott placed this salt with the paper-ash. Why? Because the paper-ash is carbon, and if we supply oxygen, by adding the saltpetre, carbonic acid is formed and partly driven off, and the silver, before an oxide, now assumes the metallic state, its oxygen being driven off by the heat. When the crucible was taken out of the stove, the contents were then silver and carbonate of potash; the carbonic acid, not dissipated by the heat, having united with the decomposed saltpetre or nitrate of potash. This impure carbonate or sal-tartar is a somewhat unstable compound when exposed to the air, and has a great liking for water, and that night drank all the dew it could coax within reach, and consequently very nearly diluted itself to nothing.

Now let us look into the rationale of using sal-soda with the chloride of silver. Sal-soda is soda

and carbonic acid, or, in chemical phraseology, Na_2O , C O_2 , which is a carbonate of the oxide of sodium or natrium. Now the white flaky powder which Mott had to reduce was silver and chlorine. This chlorine has a greater affinity for sodium than for any other substance. Sodium being the base of the sal-soda used as flux, when the chloride of silver and the sal-soda come in contact at a high temperature like that of the crucible, the flux is immediately decomposed, as is the chloride, and a new arrangement of the elements takes place. The chlorine is disengaged from the silver, and the carbonic acid from the soda, so that the chlorine, now at liberty, goes to the sodium, and the carbonic acid, not appreciating the melted metallic silver, goes up the stove-pipe. The metal, being heavier than the flux, sank to the bottom, and formed there the five-ounce button that gladdened Mott's eyes when he broke the crucible.

Early the following morning Mott went to the principal jeweler in the town, to dispose of his pure metallic silver for cash. The jeweler, after carefully weighing the two buttons, and annoying Mott with some very inquisitive questions as to how he had obtained them, at length said that there was exactly fifteen troy ounces, and that he would give him one dollar and seventy cents an ounce; or, for the two lumps, twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. Mott being satisfied with the amount took it, and went directly to his little study, where he made out on a piece of paper the following account:—

Amount received for metal, 15 oz., @ \$1.70 per oz. . .	\$25.50
Allowing myself 35 per cent. for reduction, —	
Amount due Morris Beeswax, Photographer . . .	\$16.58
“ “ Prof. Kitchen, for 2 crucibles and filter29
“ “ mother, for fuel31
“ “ apothecary, for fluxes11
	17.29
Balance, after payment of expenses	\$8.21
Old Birmingham, October 9, 1866.	

Mott had now all the money, and more than he required, for the purposes of their proposed expedition, and having paid all his bills incurred in the enterprise, he started for John Nichols, who was to be his fellow-voyageur to Egg Island, where they anticipated having a glorious day's fishing and splendid sail there and back. The fact of having earned the money added no little to Mott's enjoyment, not only because he could provide more little conveniences and luxuries, but because he had that feeling of independence, that is of itself one of the greatest blessings and most enjoyable sensations.

Three months have now passed since this reduction of photographic silver waste took place; and now he who was the principal, indeed only actor in it, may be seen walking early every morning from the same house to a goodly sized brick building not far off. A wealthy gentleman provided the capital and secured the building; and the monstrous puff of the exhaust from a beautiful steam-engine may daily be heard from seven in the morning till six in the evening. Open the door, and you will see a dozen strong men moving quietly about among fiery furnaces, and stirring the boiling contents of great caldrons. A mammoth pestle beats to powder jagged masses of mineral, in a huge, stationary mortar. The finest sieves that we ever saw slide to and fro, depositing the most impalpable of powders into drawers beneath. It is the laboratory of a manufacturing chemist, scarcely two months in operation, yet daily turning out many goods; and the guide to all that is going on is the young man who so lately made silver from trash—made money out of nothing, for nothing would that picture waste have been, if Mott had been one who allowed the chemistry taught him at school to go in at one ear and out at the other, leaving no trace of an impression in the passage.

PHILIP, THE GREENLAND HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TELLS HOW GREENLAND WAS DISCOVERED, AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT THE COUNTRY WAS SO NAMED.

If my reader will open his Atlas at the map of North America, and will follow the map far up toward the top of it, where the North

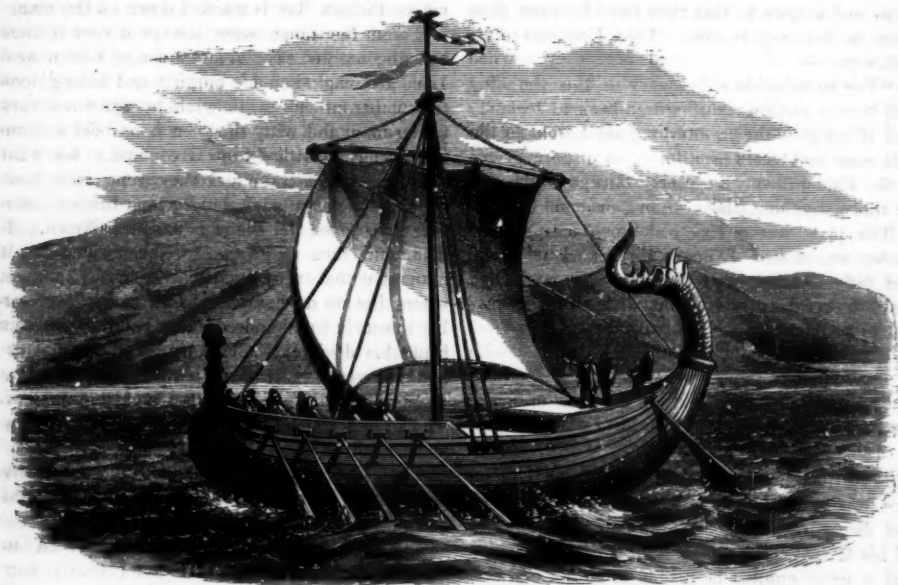
Pole is marked down, he will find there shown a large country, with "Greenland" printed over it. Perhaps he would like to know how it came about that this country was discovered, and how it received its name. He must first look at his map again. There is a large island a little to the right of Greenland, and over this is printed

the word "Iceland." Now I need hardly say that the name Iceland was given to this island because of the great quantity of ice there; but there is a great deal more ice in Greenland than there is in Iceland, and it seems strange that any body should ever have thought of calling such a place green. Listen to the reason.

The first settlers in Iceland went there from Norway in the ninth century, and they were called Northmen, or Norsemen, and sometimes Vikings; and notwithstanding that the country was very cold, they prospered greatly, — cultivating the land and hunting and fishing, without caring much for the cold or for the ice; and the people became very numerous.

After Iceland had been settled about a hundred years, it came to pass that a certain powerful man offended the king and was obliged to flee from his country to save his life. Now to flee from his country he had of course to get into a ship and go to sea, for we have seen that Iceland is surrounded on all sides by water. This took place in the year 982, that is 885 years ago.

The name of this man was Eric Raude, or Eric Rufus, — which means simply Eric the Red; but whether this name was given to him on account of the crimes he had committed, and meant Eric with the Red Hand, or whether it was given to him on account of his red hair, and meant Eric with the Red Head, nobody knows, for there



were no books printed in those days. There were a few wise men who wrote down on parchment, in what are called Runic characters or letters, some very imperfect tales and songs to celebrate the deeds of important men. These tales and songs were called Sagas, and all the knowledge that the children could get in that country was from hearing their parents sing or repeat these Sagas, which passed as traditions from generation to generation.

Eric the Red put to sea in his ship, with a few hardy followers, very hastily; but where to go the unhappy man did not well know. He thought there might be land to the west of Iceland, for the

people in Iceland generally believed so; but of this he was very uncertain; and he would probably not have sought it entirely of his own free will; but, happily for Eric, a storm set in from the east and his ship was driven to the west, before he had fairly made up his mind what he should do; but having been driven so far, he thought he would venture still further, — and he came at length in sight of land.

At this discovery Eric and his followers were much rejoiced, and they approached the land as rapidly as they could, their ship being propelled partly by the sail and partly with oars. When they had come into smooth water between an

island and the main-land they anchored their vessel and went on shore, and took possession of the country. The place where they landed was a broad valley, on both sides of which rose very lofty mountains, whose sides and tops were covered with snow and ice. But it was mid-summer, and the valley was covered with green grass and sparkling with bright flowers; some low bushes grew here and there, and there were also some little pine or fir trees about half as high as their bodies. A great many reindeer were browsing in the valley, and little birds were hopping about in the little trees and flying through the air, rejoicing in the sunshine and singing merrily.

The reindeer were very tame, and Eric and his followers killed many of them with their strong bows and arrows, so that they lived for some time there without any trouble. Then Eric said to his followers:—

“For so valuable a discovery as this the king will surely pardon us, if we go back to Iceland; and if we give the country a good name, people will come and settle here.”

So Eric called the country *GREENLAND*, and by that name has it been known ever since.

The place where Eric had brought his ship to anchor was named *Eric's Sound*; and when he had fully satisfied himself that people could live there, he returned in his ship, with all his followers, to Iceland.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH RELATES HOW PEOPLE CAME TO SETTLE IN GREENLAND, AND SOME OTHER THINGS USEFUL TO KNOW.

It turned out as Eric had predicted; for no sooner had he told the king of the new land he had discovered, than the king pardoned him and all his followers, and gave him twenty-five ships and a great number of people to go out and settle and occupy this new country; and when the people heard the fine stories which Eric told of it, and the fine name which he had given to it, they were very curious, and very eager indeed to go there.

When Eric arrived in Greenland with his twenty-five ships, he found that the country was already inhabited by a race of people of short stature, whom he called *Schraellings* (which means small or puny men); but they have since come to be known as *Greenlanders*, or, more usually, as *Esquimaux*. They lived altogether by hunting and fishing, and dressed wholly in the skins of animals. The color of their complexion was very dark,—a sort of copper-color. They

roamed about from place to place, along the seashore, living in the summer in tents made of seal-skins, and in winter either in hovels made of stones and moss or in huts made of snow. At first they were kind to the white men, and received them hospitably; but after a time they began to quarrel with each other, and many severe and bloody fights ensued between the *Esquimaux* and the *Northmen*.

But notwithstanding all obstacles, several colonies were soon established in Greenland, and many more people coming over from Iceland, these colonies rapidly increased, and were extended around *Cape Farewell* (which is the southern point of Greenland), and thence far up the west side of the country,—that is, on the side where *Baffin's Bay* is marked down on the map.

These *Northmen* were always a very restless and discontented people, and a son of Eric named *Lief*, growing tired of hunting and fishing, took one of his father's ships, while he was yet a very young man, and with thirty men as bold as himself set out westward from Greenland to see what more could be found; and they came upon land which is now called *Labrador*, and further down they discovered the island now called *Newfoundland*, and then they came to *Nova Scotia*, and it is thought that they even reached as far south as where *Boston* now stands. This was in the year 1001, nearly five hundred years before *Columbus* made his discovery. This new land which *Lief* had discovered was called *Vinland*, meaning “The Land of Wine,” because of the great numbers of wild grapes which grew there, from which they made wine.

These *Northmen* remained in *Vinland* many years, but went away at last, and the name passed away with them.

The colonies which the *Northmen* founded in Greenland continued to flourish for nearly four hundred years, and, finally, from being pagans and worshipers of the heathen god *Odin*, the people became Christians, and a cathedral and several churches were built there, and the Pope even sent a Bishop to reside there. But at length, partly because of quarrels among themselves and with the *Esquimaux*, and partly because of a pestilence called the “black death,” the *Northmen* all died, and for a long time afterward people spoke about the “lost colonies of Greenland,” but no person visited that country until about two hundred and fifty years afterward (that is in the year 1721), when *Hans Egede*, a very pious and worthy man, thought that he would go out there and look after the conversion of the *Esquimaux*.

Hans Egede was a Dane, and the King of Denmark sent this pious missionary in a ship to Greenland, and he landed at a place which he called Godthaab, (which means Good Hope,) and began not only to convert the Esquimaux but to colonize the country again; and from that day to this the resettlement of Greenland has gone on, and there are now a great many little colonies along the coast, and nearly all of the Esquimaux are Christians, and many of them are very good ones too, and some of them can read and write like any other people.

The old Northmen used to cultivate the land in some of the valleys, but from the time they first went there the climate seems to have grown colder and colder, until at this day there is no land cultivated there at all. The Northmen had altogether about two hundred farms, but now neither the Danes nor the Esquimaux have any other means of subsistence than hunting and fishing, except the food which they get from Denmark; for it must not be supposed that Greenland is wholly shut out from the rest of the world, even if it has a name that it has no business with, and is shut up in ice. Ships go out there from Denmark every summer, and altogether there are from fifteen to twenty of them; and they carry out to the people bread and coffee and sugar and tea, and coal to make fire with, and blankets, and civilized clothing, and indeed every thing that the people want, taking back on their return to Denmark the oil, dried cod-fish, furs, whalebone, eider-down, and other things which the people have collected during the year, all of which are sold in the city of Copenhagen.

All of these little colonies or settlements are situated close by the sea. Some of them are on the islands, (which are very numerous everywhere along the Greenland coast,) and some of them are on the main-land; but none of them are in the interior of the country.

If my reader will follow on the map the west coast of Greenland up toward the North Pole,

his eye will light directly upon the spot where the very last of the Greenland colonies is marked down. He will observe that it is very far up, nearer to the North Pole than any other civilized settlement on the face of the earth. This colony is called Upernavik, and this name means "The summer place;" from *upernak*, the Esquimaux word for summer, and is pronounced as if the spelling of it began with a double O, the accent being upon *per*.

Upernavik is a very small town. There are not, altogether, more than about a dozen white people living there, the remainder of the population (which varies from one to two hundred) being Esquimaux. The white people are all Danes, and they live in small wooden houses, the materials being of course brought in ships from Denmark. The Governor of the place is called Chief Trader, and his business is to collect from all the people of the neighboring settlements (mostly by traffic with them) oils and furs, and such other things of value as he can, before the ship arrives which is to carry them to Denmark.

On the islands within a large circuit around Upernavik, there are a great number of settlements or hunting stations, (even much smaller than Upernavik,) at which there usually resides one Danish hunter and a number of Esquimaux hunters with their families. From all of these stations the products of the hunt are sent to Upernavik.

One of these little hunting stations is called Auk-pad-lar-tok, which means "The place of the red rocks," for the rocks which compose the cliffs there are of a reddish-brown color, — no doubt caused by iron contained in them. These cliffs, being very lofty, can be seen at a great distance.

Now our story has much to do with this place called Auk-pad-lar-tok, where the high red cliffs are; and since we have come to the end of our Greenland history, it is time for us to make the acquaintance of Philip, the Greenland hunter; so he will be introduced immediately.



[UPERNAVIK.]

THE WORDS WITH WHICH WE SPEAK.

A FAMILIAR school dialogue represents an English sailor complaining of the stupidity of the French in not knowing the proper names of things, — in calling a chair a *chaise*, a dog a *chien*, and, above all, a ship a *vaisseau*. But the same sailor would have been still more astonished at learning that his own ancestors used names that would seem to him quite as absurd.

You know that our forefathers came from England, and although some important sections of our country were originally settled by people who spoke other languages, and although we have received so many representatives of other nations, yet the English language became, finally, that of our own American nation. But whence came this language itself? How did it happen that the English, who live at such a little distance from France, speak so very different a tongue?

You will remember that in the Bible account of the early history of our race, their birthplace was somewhere in the west centre of Asia. It is believed that one family, or tribe of men, early found their way through southern Europe, to what is now France, and that some of them passed thence into the British Islands. These were called Celts, and their language was very unlike that which we speak to-day.

Julius Caesar, one of the ablest men of whom we have any account, after ravaging Gaul, which then extended over modern France, Holland, Belgium, and a part of Germany, in the course of a war in which he slew, perhaps, more men and caused more misery than any other man who ever lived, about half a century before the birth of our Saviour, came to the water which flowed between Gaul and the then unknown islands that lay at the north, and determined to cross and conquer. He accomplished the landing, but gained little besides glory, and not much of that, from the undertaking. For the brave inhabitants were so eager to defend their country that they rushed into the water to attack the Romans while landing, compelled the bravest veteran troops in the world to throw up earthworks for their own defense, and undertook to cut them off from provisions. So Caesar was very glad to accept their offer of submission, and, taking some men as hostages for peaceful conduct, to leave the island. The next year, however, he went with a larger force, and, after much toil and some hard fighting, marched into the island as far as the river Thames, but after all left Britannia without re-

taining any territory, or leaving a single garrison, or acquiring any booty, so that his conquest was a very unproductive one for him, although the Britons agreed to pay a certain tax every year.

Nearly a hundred years afterward, the Roman Emperor Claudius sent to Britain an able general, who gained some important victories, and was soon followed by Claudius himself, who received the submission of the people dwelling in the south-eastern part of the country. During several later reigns the conquest of Britain was continued, but could not be considered completed until the Roman general Agricola, in the time of Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, carried the Roman arms victoriously throughout nearly the whole of the island south of Scotland, and, indeed, penetrated into the wilds of that rough country. The Romans were styled the conquerors of the world, but they might with equal justice be styled its civilizers; for wherever their power was established, there they introduced Roman laws and manners, comforts and pleasures, letters and science. But although they held Britain for a long time, and though the remains of fortifications and buildings even yet exist, they seem to have impressed but little of their language upon the permanent use of the people. You will see presently that a very large proportion of the words in the English language are formed from the Latin, but save some proper names, such as *Lincoln* (where the termination is derived from the Latin word for colony), and *Manchester*, *Winchester*, &c. (in which *chester* is derived from the Latin word for camp), only a few Latin words seem to have been engrafted upon the language while the Romans possessed the country, or, if they were, they passed out of use in later changes.

The Celts in the mountainous parts of the island — in Scotland and in Wales — had never been really conquered, and they retained their barbarous habits, and their barbarian bravery too; and when the Romans, about five hundred years after Caesar first invaded Britain, finally abandoned it, the poor people, who had become used to a peaceful life, being in great terror from the invasion of their northern neighbors, called the Picts and Scots, instead of courageously defending themselves, sent across the water and begged the Saxons to come and protect them. The Saxons were a people of the race then called by the general name of Germans, brave and warlike; and, first invited to assist the Britons, they became so much

pleased with the country that they sent for more of their countrymen, chiefly of three principal tribes, (but who were called sometimes Saxons and sometimes Angles, whence the name Anglo-Saxons,) who came in successive bands, drove the former inhabitants from their homes, until, after a very fierce contest of nearly a hundred and fifty years, the ancient Britons had been all massacred, driven from their country, or reduced to slavery, and seven Saxon kingdoms occupied the land.

Thus by these Angles and Saxons was the English language introduced from Germany into Britain. But though we have called it the English language, it was very different from the English language of to-day — so different that you could not read it at all. We call it the Anglo-Saxon, or better, the Old Saxon; but in its structure, and in a large part of its words, — the words of simple use, for common purposes, — it was the foundation of our English tongue; and although the language has been since very much changed, yet it has merely received changes and additions, been almost overlaid, indeed, with other forms and words, but the mold of our speech was formed and fixed by those who were properly our ancestors, — the brave old Saxons who possessed the land of Britain.

About four hundred years after the Saxons first landed in Britain, the seven kingdoms were united into one, and from this point really commences the history of England. This was in the year 827. Not long after, the Danes began to make piratical excursions upon the sea-coast of England, and afterward to come in large numbers, until, in the time of the great King Alfred, they almost overran the country, but were finally defeated by that monarch, and either expelled from England, or settled in peace within it. Not many years afterward, however, they came again, and in such numbers that they became masters of the kingdom, and Danish chiefs sat on the English throne. The throne, for a single reign, passed back into the hands of an English monarch, — Edward the Confessor; but when, at his death, Harold ascended it, William of Normandy prepared to do battle for the great prize.

At this time the language was still the Old Saxon. The Danes never held the country long enough to change its appearance greatly, nor did they attempt, as had the Saxons before them, to exterminate the previous possessors. Moreover, they spoke a language not very different from that of the Saxons; so that about the only difference in the language which their invasion made

was a comparatively slight addition to the number of words, and, in the formation of proper names, the introduction of some peculiar terminations, as *by* instead of *town*, in, for instance, Newby and Whitby, (New-town, White-town,) and as *son* instead of the Anglo-Saxon *ing*, in some familiar names, such as Johnson, Nelson, &c.

Now, however, we come to an important era in the history of our language. Nearly two centuries earlier, the Norsemen (or Northmen) came down from the Scandinavian peninsula to the coasts of France, pushed light boats up the rivers, and traversed the country, spoiling and pillaging, until finally they sat down in front of Paris and besieged it for two years, when Charles the Simple, monarch of France, unable to meet their chief Rolla in the field, granted him the large and important district of Normandy, in the north of France, and, as Duke of Normandy, Rolla became one of the principal peers of the kingdom. Settled here, their own language, during two centuries, was gradually disused, and they spoke the French of their adopted land, yet affected, if not corrupted, by their native tongue. Now the French language, you will bear in mind, was itself derived from the Latin, under the influence of which the Gauls came after their conquest by the Romans.

Well, when Harold ascended the throne of England, William, Duke of Normandy, as has been said, claimed the throne for himself, and collecting an army, with a great retinue of nobles who were needy, and warriors who desired luxury, he came across the water, and in the battle of Hastings, in 1066, won a complete victory, and afterward appears in our history as William the Conqueror.

You have already seen that a few Latin words found their way into the language while the Romans held Britain. Many more came in with the introduction of Christianity, — words used in the church services and the names of church implements. Edward the Confessor had been educated in Normandy, and during his reign the study of Norman-French became fashionable throughout the country; but after the conquest by William of Normandy, it became the language of the court and its adherents, and of all the departments of government, and hence, through it, our language became more and more stocked with Latin words. But it is quite a mistake to suppose that the great mass of Latin words in our language became a part of it at that time. They came afterward as an indirect result of the accession of the Norman monarch. It took some generations for the Eng-

lish people and their foreign conquerors to feel as fellow-countrymen; but afterwards, when they became more united in national feelings, in awakening to literary life the Englishman adopted freely the materials found in the French language, which was, to a far greater extent than his own, that of letters and of science; and so vast numbers of words of Latin form were borrowed from the terms used in France, in law, in the various skilled handicrafts (such as those of the glass-worker, clothier, &c.), in medicine, physics, geography, and other sciences, and in the poetry and other literature of France. Still later, after the revival of the study of the Latin authors, it became the fashion among writers to fill their sentences with Latin words, very many of which, although used by authors of good repute, never became really a part of our vocabulary.

As a result of all these introductions and changes, although the form of our language is Saxon, or akin to the German tongues, yet a very large proportion of the words found in our dictionaries are of Latin origin, and of these—ten sixteenths of the whole—it is perhaps not too much to say that you cannot fully understand the meaning without knowing their force as originally used in Old Rome many centuries ago.

But while so many words of our huge dictionaries originated in the days of Cæsar, Cicero, and Virgil, it would be quite a mistake to suppose that the great bulk of the words found on any page of English print, or in your own conversation, are of Latin stock. The words of frequent use,—

the articles, conjunctions, pronouns, and prepositions, and many devoted to the common uses of life, the words of simple homes,—such as *heart, earth, heaven, land, water, hearth, broom, stool, hide, rod, shepherd, girdle, white, black, green, red, dread, fear, blindness, wisdom*, and others like them, are of Saxon origin.

Further, in addition to the sources already mentioned of English words, a considerable number have been introduced from various languages: from the Hebrew, such as *Sabbath* and *cherub*; from the Arabic, such as *algebra, almanac, and alcohol*; from the Italian, as *pantaloon*; from the Spanish, as *negro* and *mosquito*,—and so have been gathered in wide selection from the whole world.

In all this lapse of years many words, also, have greatly changed their meaning, so as to be used in a different sense from what they once were. Then the word *girl*, as fixed a word as one would think could be, once meant a boy as well as girl. Our words then have a history of their own, and, from what you have read, you can already see that many of them may tell when and why they became English. To examine the real meaning of some that we use in our daily speech will be the purpose of future articles, in order that we may understand our own words, and, in studying Latin, or French, may see how closely civilized tongues are united, and find the connection between our own words and those used by the school boys of other lands and other times.

W. R. D.

FRANK GORDON; OR, WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

CHAPTER IV.

TALK IN THE STUDY, AND THE STORY ABOUT ROSA.

Tuesday Evening.

WHEN the company of young people gathered in the study the next evening, there were no red clouds in the sky, but plenty of dark ones, for there had been some rain during the afternoon, and a few drops continued still to fall. The thick clouds in the west made the evening so dark, that Blindman's Holiday came nearly an hour sooner than usual.

But before Dr. Gordon told one word of the expected story, he said, "I must inquire whether my little listeners have been trying to keep their promise. Mamma, what do you say?"

Mrs. Gordon answered, "I am glad to tell you that Frank and Anna seem to have been trying all day to do what is right, and that I have seen nothing in them to displease me."

Then he spoke to Frank, and said, "Frank, has Anna been a good sister to you to-day?"

"Yes, sir," Frank answered; "I believe she has been better to me than I have been to her. She has not quarreled with me once, nor been selfish in any thing."

Their father said, "I am so glad to hear this. Now, Anna, I want to know if Frank has been a good brother to you to-day?"

Anna replied, "Yes, he has been a right good boy all day. He has not plagued me once; but he plagued my kitten."

"Ah, Mr. Frank," his father said, "what bad thing have you been doing to your sister's little pet?"

"Not much of any thing," he answered laughing, "except that when we were playing in the yard this morning, I made believe that her kitten was shut up in grandfather's gig-box, and I joggled it to see if it would mew."

"And it did mew," Anna said, pretending to pout; "and it scratched, too, to get out. But brother Frank would not let it out for a long time, because he said he wanted to ride home and catch those little boys who were hiding behind the chimney."

When her father heard this, he laughed and said, "If this is the worst thing Frank has done to-day, I think I shall have to tell you, and him too, the promised story. Shall I?"

"Oh yes, yes," they all said. Then he asked, "What shall it be about? Mary, can you, or Robert, suggest?"

"I vote for the story about Rosa and the Bluff," said Robert; and as nobody objected, his father went on to tell them

THE STORY ABOUT LITTLE ROSA.

WHEN I was five years old, my father sent me to a school near his house, where there were several other children no older than myself. Among them was a pretty little girl, with bright laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, whose name was Rosa. She and I lived so near together that we met almost every day at our own homes, and played together out of school, and we loved each other like brother and sister.

One day when the school was out for the smaller children, Rosa and I did not go directly home as we were told always to do, but we stopped on the way to play. The school-house and all the other houses of the settlement were strung closely along a high and beautiful bluff, by the side of a salt-water river. This bluff was a high bank as steep as the side of a house, and its sand was almost as white as snow, and for this reason the place was called White Bluff. The river below the bluff ebbed and flowed every day with the tide. On the other side of the river was a wide marsh, that was covered, as far as the eye could see, with a coarse salt-grass that grew in the mud; and in the midst of this marsh-grass there were many little hummocks or tiny islands overgrown with stunted cedars and small bushes.

Rosa and I used to love to stand on this bluff and watch the porpoises (a great fish, big some-

times as a pony) that would rise out of the water, make a loud puffing noise, and dive down again; and to look at the white cranes and the blue herons, with their long legs, wading so solemnly along the muddy shore, and darting their long heads and necks after fish; and to listen to the cackle of the marsh-hens, and the king-fishers; and to see the wild ducks, and fish-eagles, and gulls and other birds that came there to feed. We were never tired of what we could see and hear there.

After we had played awhile on the bluff that day, I said to Rosa, — "Suppose we go down the bluff and catch some fiddlers. Just look, Rosa; they are all over the beach."

Fiddlers are a kind of small crab, a little larger than the biggest sort of black spider. They have one large claw and one small one, and they live in holes in the sandy mud of the tide-waters. Sometimes they are in such crowds that you can scarcely see the ground underneath; but they run so fast and dive so quickly into their holes, that little folks, like Rosa and me, might chase them a long time before catching one.

When Rosa heard me say, "Let us go down the bluff," she answered quickly, — "No; my mamma says I must not go down for fear the alligators may catch me." Now this was exactly what my own parents had said to me, and I ought to have remembered it. But you know there are some things that children do not like to remember; and there are some things again in which they think they know better than father or mother what ought to be done. It was so with Rosa and with me. The truth is I wanted to go down the bluff, and I thought it would be a good excuse if I could say to my parents that I went there to show Rosa the fiddlers. So I said to her, —

"Look yonder, Rosa! The tide has gone down entirely into the channel. You can see along the whole beach that there is not an alligator to hurt us. Come, let us go."

Rosa was as anxious to go down the bluff as I was, and she was very easily persuaded. Did you never notice that when people wish very much to do a thing it is very easy to persuade them? She gave me her hand; I helped her down the bluff by a narrow, steep path; and there we raced about on the hard smooth sand, and chased the fiddlers and stone crabs, and picked up pretty shells, and brightly colored seaweeds, and did a great many other pleasant things.

I must now tell you something about the tides. In the ocean and all along our sea-coast, the

water rises and falls twice every day. This flow and ebb is called the tide. From low-water mark to high-water mark is about the height of a man. But at every new moon and every full moon (that is every two weeks) the tide rises very high and sinks very low; this is called *spring-tide*.

When I took Rosa down the bluff it was low water at spring-tide. The river had ebbed so as to be not only off the beach, but it was a good deal lower than the edge of the channel. I remember exactly how it looked. The sides of the channel were straight up and down like a wall, and the water in the channel was very deep.

After we had played about the beach till we were tired, I said to Rosa, "I wonder how deep the water is in the channel. Would n't you like to know? I will get something and try it."

I looked all around for a pole, but could find only a long stalk of marsh-grass. I took this and went to the edge of the channel, where the lumps of mud looked firm, but were in fact very crumbly, and there I stood, and pushed my stalk of marsh-grass as deep down as I could, and called out,—

"Look here, Rosa; this marsh-grass is twice as long as I am, yet I cannot touch bottom with it. This water must be right deep."

I had scarcely said this, before I heard a sharp, quick voice from the top of the bluff saying to me,— "Mas' Charlie, come 'way from dat ribber, dis minnit! You got no bizness dey; you know you aint. I'll go straight and tell yo' ma; and yo's too, Miss Rosa."

I looked up the bluff and saw Jacob, my father's servant, who spoke and acted as if he were badly scared. And indeed he was scared, for he knew, what I did not, that the hard-looking lumps of mud on the edge of the channel were very brittle, and that if I once fell into the water I could never get out.

When Jacob spoke in this loud, quick way I knew that something was wrong; I took Rosa by the hand, and led her up the bluff, and then we went home. But that was not the end of it; for Jacob had hurried back home and told my mother the whole story, and then she had sent him to Rosa's mother to tell her the same tale. It made our dear mothers tremble to think how near their thoughtless children had come, by their disobedience, to being drowned. You may be very sure that we were both made to remember not to go there again.

Rosa grew up to be a very pleasant and excellent woman. She married, and had a number of children, one of whom was named Rosa, too; and she lived for many years on that same bluff where we used to go to school, and I must tell you of a dreadful accident that happened on that bluff. Rosa and her husband rode out one day to visit some neighbors, leaving her children at home in company with some cousins who had come to visit them. The parents had not ridden more than a mile or two when they heard behind them the sound of a horse coming very fast. They looked and saw one of their negro men beckoning to them. When he came up he was not able to speak. He raised his hands and opened his mouth, but not a word came out. Then he rode ahead of them and came back, saying, "One of de children dead!"

"What do you mean?" they asked.

The poor fellow was so terrified that he could only lift his hands and say, "De bluff, de bluff! it cave on 'em, and one of 'em is dead."

They turned back homeward, and traveled as fast as their horse could carry them; and when they arrived they found that one of their daughters, a sweet girl of about twelve years of age, was indeed dead. She and her sister Rosa, nearly the same age, and their cousins, had gone down the bluff to enjoy themselves. It was not wrong for them to go there, because they had not been forbidden, and, more than that, they were supposed to be old enough to take care of themselves. But while the cousins ran along the beach chasing the fiddlers and playing with each other, young Rosa and her sister stopped near the side of the bluff to write with their fingers in the smooth white sand. Soon the cousins heard behind them a sound like heavy, distant thunder. They looked back and saw that the bluff, just above where the girls were writing, had caved and fallen. But where were the girls? Only part of the dress of one of them could be seen, almost buried under the sand. The cousins screamed to the boys—their brother and the girls' brother—who were a little way ahead. The boys and girls worked as fast as they could to scratch off the sand and dirt, and were happy enough to get Rosa out alive, but the other sister, poor child, was buried so deep and crushed so heavily by the weight of dirt, that when they found her she was dead.



CHAPTER V.

GRANDFATHER IN THE MARSH.

Wednesday Evening.

ON coming together into the study on Wednesday, Anna was made quite happy by hearing what her father had to say of her. He spoke to her mother and said, —

"I have been watching our little daughter to-day, and it seems to me that she has not only obeyed us in every thing, but that she has obeyed more quickly and pleasantly than usual. Do you think so too?"

"I do," her mother replied.

"Now, Anna," continued her father, "I want to know why this is so?"

Anna leaned her little head on one side, and said with a funny look which she sometimes had when she was pleased, "Why, father, ought we not always to obey you quickly and pleasantly?"

"Yes," her father replied; "but you have not always done it. And now I want to know why you have done it to-day?"

"Oh, I can tell you," she said, laughing; "it is because I want to hear the stories."

"And so my little daughter has tried to be a good girl to-day," her father replied, "because she loves the stories, and not because she loves me. Is this so?"

This made Anna run and throw her arms

around his neck, and say very earnestly, "Oh, no, no! not that. But because I love you and love the stories too."

"Very well spoken, my little lawyer," replied her father, laughing and putting his arms around her too. "And now I will tell you the story for this evening without asking any more questions."

While we were living at White Bluff, my mother's father came from his far-off home to make us a visit, and he was so well pleased with every thing he saw, that he stayed with us a long time. He was an old man with white hair, but he was strong and industrious, and was always wanting to be doing something useful.

There was not much to be done at the Bluff, for it was a little village to which the people came mostly in the summer for health, and where there were no plantations, nor farms, nor factories, nor works of any kind. Sometimes he would work in my father's garden, and sometimes in a little workshop that he arranged for himself; at other times he would take my father's boat and paddle off, with a servant or without one, he did not care which, to shoot wild ducks, or to bring back a mess of fish and crabs, or a boat-load of oysters. Whenever the tides were very high, so as to rise over the tops of the marsh-grass, he loved to paddle over to the little hummocks or islands of cedar that looked so pretty from the bluff, and

shoot the marsh-hens and the raccoons that would collect upon the floating rafts of sea-weed and dead grass. But whenever he went away, he was sure to bring back something useful, and if he could do no better, he would load his boat with light-wood knots, or with chunks of cedar for our fire. Sometimes he would be absent only a few hours, and at other times he would be gone all day.

At the time I am going to tell about, he had paddled off by himself early in the day, and had been gone longer than usual. When sunset came and he had not returned, my mother began to feel uneasy; but when the twilight came, and the deep dusk, and at last the dark, my father began to be uneasy too. We had waited supper pretty late, and though nobody felt like eating, we at last sat down to table, hoping every moment to hear his halloo, or the splash of his paddle. While we were at the table, Jacob — not the same Jacob who called to me and Rosa from the bluff, but another black boy whom we called "Little Jacob," and who did not speak so plainly as the other one — Jacob came into the room and said, "Enty dat ole massa now dat hollah down dey in de mash?"

You can scarcely make out what he meant to say, for the negroes at that time did not speak as plainly as they do now; but I remember his words as well as if they were spoken yesterday. What he meant to say was this:

"Is not that old master, now, that is hollaing down there in the marsh?"

We all jumped up very quickly from the table and ran to the piazza fronting the marsh, to listen. We could hear distinctly a voice from across the river, crying, "Help, help!"

This voice did not sound at all like my grandfather's; it was too weak and hoarse; still my father answered as loud as he could, "Yes, yes! coming directly!" Then we ran over to the nearest neighbor who had a boat, and got his negro man to jump into it, and paddle quickly to the other shore, to help the person who was calling.

Although it is so long ago when this happened, I recollect perfectly the high bluff upon which we stood, near an ugly looking tallow-tree that grew beside our neighbor's fence. The night was very dark, and the man went off in such haste that we had no time to prepare him a light in the fore-part of the boat; and indeed he said that unless we could provide him a pretty strong light, he would do better with none at all. When the boat left shore, I remember the only thing which

showed where it was in the darkness, was the bright sparkling of the salt-water, which glowed like a hundred little fire-flies wherever its surface was broken either by the boat or by the paddle.

Soon the sparkling of the water, as well as the figure of the boat, was lost in the darkness. We could tell from the stroke of the paddle that she was moving very fast, and we could hear the voice of the person in the marsh trying to guide the boatman, and also the voice of the boatman as he went from place to place in search of him. Presently the voice of the boatman sounded across the river, "I find 'im! I find 'im! 'Tis ole massa!" Then after a little low talking, we heard the splash of the paddle again as the boat returned.

My grandfather told us afterward that he had gone off farther than usual that day, and had found nothing to bring back except a load of light-wood knots and other small wood. Of these he had put in as much as the boat could safely carry, and then had tried to return by a new way which he supposed to be much nearer; but he had got into the wrong creek, and was compelled to go a long way round to get home at all.

He said that his boat was upset just as he was passing out from a narrow creek into the broad river, and that he did not know what caused it to capsize unless it was tilted by some large fish, or else struck by a swift eddy of the tide. The first thing he knew he was out of the boat, and in the water, swimming for his life. When he rose to the surface and brushed the water out of his eyes, he saw the boat bottom side up, floating afar off in the darkness, too far for him to reach it with safety. Then he determined to swim to the nearest point of marsh; but this was not an easy thing for a person so old as he, especially as he had on a big overcoat and a pair of thick boots, that made him very clumsy in the water, and he came near sinking before he reached the point.

When he found himself at the marsh he was so weak from swimming that it was some time before he could halloo at all, and then not very loud. The mud of the marsh, too, where he stood, was so soft, that he sank in it almost to his knees, and then the tide kept rising so fast, that he knew unless somebody came very soon to help him, he must drown right there. He said he had been in many dreadful battles under General Washington, but he never felt worse in any of them than he did at that time, when he felt the water rising higher and higher up his body every minute, and perceived his voice getting weaker

and hoarser every time he called, until at last he gave up all hope, and began to think how dreadful it was to die so, and have his body eaten up by crabs and alligators before morning.

At last, however, he heard some one from the other shore call out "Yes! coming directly!" and he saw lights moving very fast, as if people were in a hurry, and heard a loud thump as the boatman dropped his anchor in the boat. Still, he said, he knew that there was not one minute to spare, for the tide had already brought the water up to his neck, and he was afraid that before the boatman could hunt around in the dark and find him, the tide would have risen over his head.

He said that the sound of our voices from across the river was very sweet to him, but that the sweetest music he ever heard in his life was the sound of the paddle as it came near to him in the darkness. It was some time, however, after the boat got to his side of the shore, before the boatman could find him; for all except his head was covered by the water, and a man's head cannot be seen far in a dark night, especially when it is surrounded by marsh-grass. He kept guiding the boatman by his voice as long as he could make himself heard, and when the boat at last reached him, the water from the tide was beginning to splash into his mouth.

When he reached our side of the river, he was almost dead from cold as well as weariness, for it

was winter-time; but my mother had a big mug of hot toddy ready for him to drink, which made him feel so much stronger, that he got upon his feet and allowed himself to be helped up the bluff to our neighbor's house. There, a nice warm fire had been prepared for him, and also some hot tea; and soon he was stripped of his wet clothes and rubbed dry, and supplied with warm, dry garments.

The distance was not great from this house to my father's,—a child might run there while another slowly counted a hundred. When my grandfather said he was ready to start, my father walked on one side to support him, and our good neighbor supported him on the other, while a negro walked before him with a blazing torch of light-wood, and my mother and myself walked close behind, and in the course of a few minutes we were at home.

After this accident my mother insisted that her dear old father should never go off in the boat unless some one went with him. But he said that he was no baby, that he was an old soldier, and had served seven years in the war under General Washington, and that he must be allowed to do as he pleased, and to take care of himself. I think, however, he took better care of himself in time to come; at any rate, I know that he never pleased to engage in another such boating as he had had that day.

F. R. GOULDING.

AINSLEE.

AINSLEE was in trouble. What it was Grandma Walton could n't exactly tell, but he was walking very slowly up from the barn, Sinny following close behind, while something dangled from his hand.

"Land alive!" said grandma, "but that's one of old Speckle's chickens! What you been doing, Ainslee?"

"Playing with Speckle, grandma."

"What you done to the chicken?"

"Nothing, grandma; only bugged it 'cause I loved it, and then it stopped kicking, and I can't make it do it any more."

"I should think not," said grandma. "It's dead as a door-nail. You go up and tell your mother."

Ainslee tugged up the stairs; he was not quite five years old, and very fat indeed, so that between crying and climbing, and the hot day,

he was a very red-faced, forlorn little boy when he got to mother's room.

"I did n't go to do it, mamma; it did itself," he sobbed, when he had laid the little yellow puff-ball in his mother's lap. "Its eyes shined, and it was so soft I could n't help squeezing it all up, an' then it did n't breathe."

"Poor little chicky!" said his mother. "Their little bodies are very soft and tender, and can't bear rough handling, and you'll know another time that you must be more gentle with them. Now dry your eyes, and your little hot face shall be washed in nice cool water, and then you will feel better."

"Mamma," said Ainslee, when quite himself again, "is Uncle Ainslee coming for sure to-day?"

"Yes, dear, and soon I shall want you to be dressed nicely, so that you will be ready to see

him. Go play with Sinny now, and nurse shall call you when it is time to come in."

Ainslee trotted off, and from her window his mother saw him chasing down the garden-path after Sinny, whose little woolly head was bobbing up behind the asparagus-bed.

Ainslee had only been at Grandpa Walton's three days. The house was some distance from any village, and there were no neighbors near, except an old colored man, who owned a small farm, and whose daughter and little grandson lived with him. Simeon Smith, called Sinny for short, was a solemn little darky to look at, black as ink, with queer little braided tails all over his head, which was such an one for contriving mischief as you do not often see. Ainslee had become very intimate with him at once. His playmates, so far, had always been white children, and it seemed ever so much nicer to him now to race about with Sinny, than if he had been the best boy on the avenue at home.

Grandma shook her head a little, but mother and father both said it was all right so long as Sinny showed himself a good boy and did no naughty mischief, and so there was a fair prospect of their becoming fast friends before the summer ended.

"Well," said grandma, "Sinny's spry as a cricket, and if he don't run some of Ainslee's flesh off his bones, then I don't know."

"Was it dead?" asked Sinny.

"Dead as a door-nail," grandma said," answered Ainslee.

"Then let's bury it," said Sinny.

"I'll get a nice chip for a coffin."

Ainslee ran to the house again for the chicken. Old Speckle clucked loudly when he passed the coop, as though she would ask what he had done with her youngest, and Ainslee felt sorry again, to think that it could never run about any more.

"It might a-growed into a big rooster, an' crowed loud every morning," said he.

"Then 't would a-picked the other roosters' eyes out," said Sinny, "an' they'd all a-got lost 'cause they could n't find their way; so it's good he got squeezed to death."

"So it is," said Ainslee. "I did n't think of that; but then I would n't want to squeeze another."

By this time Sinny had found a white chip in the wood-house, and he and Ainslee dug a hole under a hop-vine, into which they laid the little

biddy, and then covered it up smoothly. Ainslee looked at his hands, quite plastered with dirt from the digging.

"Dirt don't show on your hands, — does it, Sinny?" he asked.

"No," said Sinny; "so I don't have to keep a-washin' 'em all the time."

"Did you ever have a bath, Sinny?" asked Ainslee.

"What's a bath?" asked Sinny.

"I mean, do you ever get put in a tub o' water, and be soaped all over?"

"No," said Sinny. "Mother washes me in a bowl, with a rag, mostly."

"Don't you believe some of the black would rub off if you was in a tub?" asked Ainslee.

"It might, maybe," said Sinny. "I'd like to get into one, any way."

Ainslee looked grave, as if he were studying out something.

"The water's all ready for me," said he, "and nurse is putting baby to sleep, so there'll be time enough to try it. You come right along, Sinny."



Sinny ran after, quite charmed with the thought of it, and the two boys went quickly up the back-stairs to the nursery.

The nice tin bathing-tub stood on a piece of oil-cloth near the wash-stand, and nurse had laid out towels and soap, and Ainslee's clean white suit all ready for him.

"Pull off your clothes quick, Sinny," said Ainslee. "It's nice you're barefoot. Now step in soft, so 't nurse wont hear, and I'll soap you good."

Sinny's little spider-like figure was quite lost in the big tub, and Ainslee found it necessary, if he would reach him easily, to get in himself. So he undressed as fast as possible for fear some one

would come. One shoe-string, in a hard knot, would not be untied.

"I'll not mind one shoe," said he, "'cause I can take it off after I've done Sinny," and in he got.

"Stand up good now, Sinny," he said, and he lathered him from head to foot.

"You're white now in spots — ain't you?" said Ainslee, as he rubbed on the cake of soap.

"Oh-h-h!" howled Sinny. "There's soap in my eye! Ow! Yow!"

The nursery door opened, and mamma looked in. Ainslee, with his back toward her, did not see her, but he looked up as Sinny suddenly became silent.

"Why, what's the matter?" said he. "What made you stop hollerin'?"

"Yes, what is the matter?" said his mother's voice. "What are you doing now, Ainslee?"

Ainslee sat right down in the tub, he was so overcome, and Sinny began to cry again.

"I'm only trying to get Sinny white, mamma, an' I have n't but just begun."

"You've done quite enough for this time," said his mother, and then, to Ainslee's astonishment, she began and laughed and laughed.

Sinny, feeling a sense of injury, roared louder than before, and nurse appeared in the door-way with the wide-awake baby.

"Mercy on us!" said she; "but what's that in the tub?"

"Only one of Ainslee's experiments, nurse," answered his mother.

"Since you have begun the work, you may get out now and wipe Sinny dry, and then he can put on his clothes and go home for to-day."

Ainslee put out one fat leg.

"Save us!" cried the nurse; "but he's got his shoes on!"

"No, I have n't," said Ainslee, glad to be quite settled on one point. "I've only got one on."

Sinny hurried into his jacket and trousers without waiting for much wiping, and scudded down the stairs.

"Now, Ainslee," said his mother, "what does this mean? Don't you see how much trouble you have made? Poor nurse must go and get clean water for you, and your shoe is soaked so that it will take it a long time to dry. What made you bring Sinny here to wash him?"

"'Cause I wanted to get him white, mamma. He's awful black, an' he was dirty besides."

"But Sinny has a mother who can wash him, Ainslee, and then God made him so black, and no one could rub him white."

"Couldn't they ever?" said Ainslee. "I don't believe his mother washes him good, 'cause he said he'd never had a bath, only been washed with a rag."

"He looks pretty clean and neat," said his mother; "if he had nobody to do any thing for him, I should have been willing to have him washed here, but not by you, for you see you have made a good deal of trouble by it. You have splashed grandma's pretty carpet, and used up almost a whole cake of soap. It is not the kind of work little boys are to do, and the next time you want to do such things, come and ask mamma first whether it is best."

Ainslee promised, and in the mean time nurse brought fresh water, pulled off the soaked shoe, and put him again in his tub for a rinse.

"This is your only clean suit of white clothes," said his mother, as he ran into her room, "and as there will be a good many people here to dinner, I want you to keep it very nice and neat. Play in the house, and don't go out again."

"Can't I just run up to Sinny's?" said Ainslee.

"No, dear. Stay down stairs with grandma. This evening before you go to bed, Uncle Ainslee will tell you a story, I think; so rest now, that you may keep awake then."

"Are they nice stories?" said Ainslee.

"Very," answered his mother. "When we were children together, he used to tell me splendid ones, and I don't believe he has forgotten now, if he is grown up."

By this time Ainslee was all dressed, looking very fresh and clean, and started down-stairs in high spirits. Grandpa had gone to the station, to bring back the visitors, and grandma sat all ready for them in her rocking-chair. Ainslee ran up, intending to ask for a story, but grandma's head lay against the back, and her handkerchief was thrown over her face.

"Oh dear, she's asleep!" said he, and then stood and watched the handkerchief moving lightly up and down as grandma breathed. A big fly was anxious to get under it, and he lit, first on one spot and then another; and then he drove off a fly that had lit on it, by walking right over him.

"What a fly!" said Ainslee. "I'm going to catch him."

This was easier said than done, but at last Ainslee penned him in a corner of the window, and put his fat hand over him. Then he walked softly to the hall-door to let him fly off in the open air. Up the road he saw Sinny holding a stick in his hand and very busy about something.

"Oh dear!" said Ainslee, "I want to go there.

What made mother say I must n't go out again?" He walked back to the parlor. Grandma was still sleeping. He heard nurse singing to baby overhead, and his mother he knew was dressing. He looked at a picture-book for a few moments, then played with his parlor-ball, but through the front windows Sinny was still in sight.

"I'll just go up a little minute," said Ainslee, "and see what he's doing."

Down the path and out of the front gate he ran. It had rained the day before, and some little pools of water lay along the road-side.

"What you doing, Sinny?" called Ainslee.

"Fishin'," said Sinny.

"What for?"

"Tadpoles."

"What's they?" said Ainslee.

"Why, they're tadpoles; pollywogs, mother calls 'em."

"Have you got any?" asked Ainslee.

"No," said Sinny; "not yet. I guess I won't try any more now you've come. Did you know we'd got a new pig?"

"Why, no," said Ainslee, "I did n't know you'd got any pigs."

"Ho!" said Sinny. "Why, we've got 'leven,—only seven of 'em has just come. They're all white 'cept the black one, and gran'ther says I may have it, 'cause it's a runt. Our old cat's got kittens, too. There's three of 'em up in the barn, and they can't one o' them open their eyes."

"Why?" said Ainslee.

"'Cause 'taint time," said Sinny. "'T wont be for two days. Come and see 'em."

Three kittens who could n't or would n't open their eyes were too great a temptation for Ainslee, and he trotted along by Sinny, till they reached the barn. There the cunning little things so moved him, that they nearly met the fate of the chicky, for he squeezed them till they gave sharp little mews, and the old cat grew quite anxious and carried them off one by one down into the hay under the rafters.

"Let's come and see the pigs now," said Sinny; and so they went down the ladder and out into the barn-yard. Old Peter Smith was at one end, and he looked quite surprised as he saw Sinny's companion.

"What little boy are you?" said he.

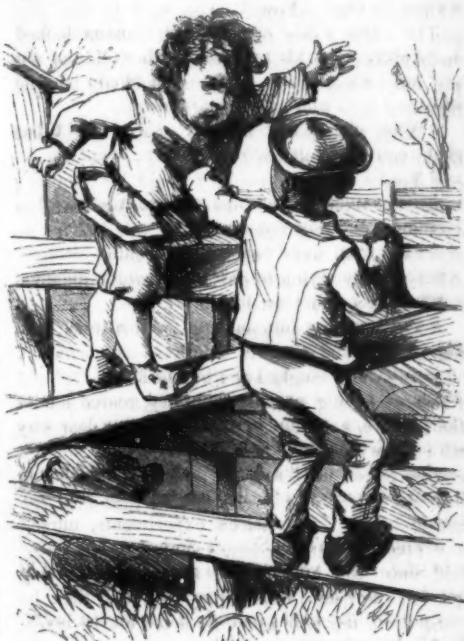
"I'm Ainslee Barton," said Ainslee, "and I live down to grandpa's."

"Oh, you do—do you?" said old Peter. "You an' Sinny look out, an' not get into mischief."

"I never do such a thing," said Ainslee, walking off after Sinny.

The barn-yard was dirty and his nice boots suffered, but he was too intent on seeing the seven little pigs to think of that. The pig-pen lay at the farther end of the yard, and a loose board in the side enabled them to climb up and look over. After all it was nicer to hear about than to see, for the pigs were all very dirty, and the smell quite dreadful.

"Pigs are nasty—ain't they, Sinny?" said Ainslee.



"Mostly, I guess," said Sinny; "ours are."

"Was there ever a clean pig?" said Ainslee.

"I do' know," said Sinny. "Gran'ther says that once there was a pig that knowed its letters and could spell pig."

"I don't believe it," said Ainslee; "there was n't ever such a pig."

"There was, too," said Sinny.

"I'll ask mamma if there was."

"My gran'ther knows more than your mamma," said Sinny.

"No he don't," shouted Ainslee, quite red in the face; "he don't know nothin'."

This was too much. Sinny could not stand it, and gave Ainslee a push which, if he had been holding on, would have done no harm. As it

was, in his excitement he had let go of the top board, and stood balancing himself on the loose one; and as the push came he wavered a moment, and then fell, heels over head, into the pig-pen. The old pig had sat astonished through the conversation going on above her, and as Ainslee came tumbling in, seemed to consider him something good to eat, for she stood up and walked slowly toward him.

"Gran'ther! gran'ther!" screamed Sinny. "He's in the pig-pen! Oh, he's in the pig-pen!" Old Peter ran to them. Ainslee, half suffocated, was trying to get to his feet, and the pig was dangerously near. Old Peter caught him, and held him out at arm's length.

"Wall, if I ever!" said he. "You're the boy that don't never get inter mischief; what do ye call this?"

Sinny's mother had run out, as the children screamed, and now came up.

"Mercy on us!" said she, looking at poor Ainslee, streaming with filth and crying miserably. "What ever will I do with him?"

"Put him in a tub, mother," said Sinny; "he did me."

Ainslee was really too dirty to touch, but old Peter said he'd soon fix him, and taking him to the barn-yard pump, he pumped slowly over him till he was somewhat washed off. Then Sinny's mother pulled off his clothes and threw them into a pail, and picking him up, carried him into the house.

"You could n't get Sinny's clothes on any how," said she, "for you're as fat as he's lean, so I'll just have to take you home in a shawl."

So down the road presently a procession went. Nancy with Ainslee wrapped in a shawl, and looking too ashamed to hold up his head, and Sinny following in the rear, crying for sorrow and sympathy. Grandma and mother both met them at the door.

"Well, if ever I did!" said grandma. "What that child will do next is past telling."

Somebody's strong arms took Ainslee and carried him up to the nursery. He knew in a moment that it must be Uncle Ainslee, for father was not there, and grandpa never carried him because he had rheumatism. Whoever it was went right out, however, and Ainslee was left alone. It seemed a long while before any body came. He heard children's voices and wondered who they were, and the smell of green peas came up, and made him remember how hungry he was. By and by the door opened and mother came in. She looked quite sad, and Ainslee began to cry.

"I did n't mean to run away, mamma," he said, but I could n't help it. Grandma was asleep, and I got so lonesome, and there was n't any thing but a fly to play with."

"And do you always mean to do what you want instead of what mamma tells you?" said his mother.

"No, oh no!" sobbed Ainslee. "I will mind, but I do smell so bad!"

"You must have another bath," said his mother, "but you have only one of your morning suits to put on, because you have soiled all your others. You may come down to dinner when you are clean."

"Don't tell 'em I tumbled," said Ainslee.

"They all know," said his mother; "for Sinny's mother told me before them. Sinny was a good boy, and took all the blame of your fall. His mother said she should whip him, but I told her you had been more naughty than he, and that your fright had been sufficient punishment for both."

Just then the dinner-bell rang, and nurse came in in a hurry. She doused him into the water, and brushed his hair very hard, but Ainslee felt too ashamed to object to any thing. But when he looked at the coarse linen suit lying on the bed, he did feel tried.

"Are there any little boys down-stairs, Jane?" he asked.

"One," said Jane.

"What's he got on?"

"White clothes like those you lent the pigs."

"Are there any little girls?"

"One."

"Oh dear!" said Ainslee, beginning to cry again, "I don't want to wear my hateful old clothes, and I have n't got any but copper-toed shoes. Go 'way, Jane. I won't have on the ugly things."

"Then you should n't a-put your best ones in the pig-pen," said nurse.

Ainslee wanted to slap her, but a sudden feeling of how really naughty he had been came over him. Baby cried out just then, and nurse left him hastily.

"I can't go down looking so," said Ainslee, who thought a good deal of nice clothes. "There's every body down there; and they'll all know I spoiled my best clothes in the pig-pen, an' I don't want to see 'em."

Voices came up from the dining-room, and he heard the children laughing.

"I wish I was a little pig," said Ainslee, "then I would n't care how I looked."

Suddenly his face brightened. "I'm going to be good inside, if I ain't pretty outside," said he.

He put on his clothes and pushed into the copper-toes himself, so that nurse had little to do when she came back. Then he went bravely down the stairs, and on to the dining-room door, where he stood, looking so good and sweet, that Grandpa Walton caught him and gave him a hug. Then Ainslee saw a pair of very bright-brown eyes looking at him, and was sure it was Uncle Ainslee. Mamma had kept a seat for him, and this tall gentleman lifted him into it, and kissed him, as he passed him on.

There were several strangers, but Ainslee felt too hungry to think about any thing else just then. By and by he raised his eyes to find the two children opposite looking at him very hard.

"Who are they?" he whispered to his mother.

"Uncle John's two children, John and Lizzie," said his mother.

Ainslee felt too shy to say any thing then, but after dinner before he really knew it, they were talking together on the piazza, and he was giving them a full and particular account of all he had been doing. Soon Uncle Ainslee and mamma came walking out, and then Ainslee looking up, said, "Do tell us a story, Uncle Ainslee."

"Well, really!" said Uncle Ainslee, "I've left part of my stories in California and part in China, and I don't believe I've brought home one."

"Oh yes, you have!" said Ainslee, "because mamma said she guessed you'd tell us one to-night."

"Oh, she did — did she?" said Uncle Ainslee; "then she must tell one first."

So mamma told a short story, and then Uncle Ainslee, leaning back in his camp-chair, began, but for what he told you must wait till next time.

HELEN C. WEEKS.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

III.

THERE is one class of books for the young which gets the most searching criticism and most helpful interpretation, — books of song for little children, which they do not read themselves, but hear from their mothers and nurses. Our judgment of any book, especially one of sentiment, which we read aloud, is likely to be strongly affected, and usually clarified by an influence proceeding from our audience. There may be no spoken criticism, and yet we find ourselves hurrying over a passage which we just before lingered over by ourselves, or sending forward, almost unconsciously, light skirmishers of glances, to see whether we cannot modify expressions which we instinctively feel may give offense. But this is singularly the case in reading to a child; if we are at all sensitive to impressions, there is something in a child's nature, when we are reading to it, which makes us for a time lay aside our own judgment and read through the eyes of our little auditor; we leave out what he cannot have any notion about; we brush away, or want to at least, all that is at variance with simple Nature, all that is stuck on and does not grow out of a fact or scene. It is astonishing how quickly and surely we discover what is insincere in children's literature, as soon as we read to a simple child. The most unmerciful staff which the editor of a juvenile

magazine could have, would be a pack of young children of different ages and sizes. They could not tell him what they did not care for so quickly as he could tell himself by reading to them.

To keep to our text: If a song for a child be thoroughly good, it will have the very best interpretation through the singing or half sing-song reading, quite as pretty, with which a mother gives it. But where is the mother to get these thoroughly good songs? We are speaking now of the books which come between the jingle of bright nonsense — the rhymes of Mother Goose and her sisters-in-law (few enough real sisters has the dame) — and the poems which make up such a volume as Coventry Patmore's "Children's Garland"; of books which a mother reads from at bed-time, or when the little one comes to her for rest from its busy life of play. Of such books, "Willie Winkie's Nursery Songs of Scotland," (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, price \$1.00) is, to our thinking, the most excellent in plan and character. Willie Winkie himself is a Scottish sort of child-fairy, or German sand-man, very plump and human however, who

"Runs through the town,
Up-stair and down-stair,
In his night-gown;

Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?'

He presides over the bed-time of children, and the nursery songs which go under his name are beautiful for their simple domesticity. The Scottish phrases and words hardly give more than a pleasant flavor to the verses, and do not mar the meaning for children, at least not in this edition, which has been slightly adapted to American use. There is something peculiarly soothing about many of these rhymes,—as those, for instance, on "The Doctor,"—which fall on the ear of a fretful little invalid very quietly, and change the image of a relentless mixture-giver into that of a kind, fatherly friend. Perhaps the charm of the book is in its picturesque character, for each song contains a quick succession of little pictures that hold the mind a moment, and release it only to show it another. The book seems to be Scottish fire-side life passed through an alembic of children's minds, and distilled in this form. The only fault to be found with it is its want of pictures, which a child always, and rightfully, demands. It is this lack which has prevented the book from being so great a favorite with children as with mothers. Indeed we suspect that a mother, perhaps, gets the fullest enjoyment of it, for its little people are the very embodiment of happy childhood.

It must be a selection of verses which would completely answer the needs of mothers and children, and after "Willie Winkie," we find none equally praiseworthy. "Songs for Little Ones at Home," (American Tract Society, N. Y.) and "Little Songs for Little People," (Randolph, N. Y., price 90 cents,) are the two best known, the former the more widely, but both require too much editing on the part of the mother. They are too large in the first place, the former having more than two hundred and fifty pieces. This is a collection, and not a selection, and there is a weariness in having to choose from such a mass; it takes too long for each mother to make her own book out of such a one. There is a deal of chaff in it which cannot be mistaken for wheat, and much that is deceptive until placed under the winnowing fan of a listening child. The source from which it comes leads one to expect religion in it, and there is much that is tender and sincere in the religious expression of some of the songs; but there is much also which jars on the soul from its entire opposition to that spirit which found fittest expression in our Lord's words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." In every such case we feel that the writer is not in sympathy

with children, does not walk with them to the beckoning Saviour, but goes behind and pushes them, lecturing them meanwhile in a half-understood language. There remain, however, a good many simple stories and songs which one would wish to read or sing very often; simplicity indeed is quite the characteristic of the book.

"Little Songs for Little People" is free from the glaring faults of the last-mentioned collection, but it has hardly so much variety, and is inferior in pictures, which is a strong point with the other. Of the two we prefer this, but both lack the lasting beauty which belongs to "Willie Winkie." They die out of a child's mind, while Willie Winkie's songs will come back to him afterward like a breath from the country.

These two books owe some of the best of their verses to "Original Poems for Infant Minds," by Ann and Jane Taylor, (Robert Carter and Brothers, New York, price 75 cents,) under which old-fashioned name many will recognize the delight of their childhood. The sisters, who have enjoyed so long and deserved a popularity, owe it to the straightforward, clear, and natural manner in which they told their little stories. They had stories to tell,—that was the first secret of their success,—and they told them without any nonsense of trying to make great poetry. Their hymns slid off the infant mind, for they had not enough corners of fact to catch by; but their stories, and their pictures of little boys and girls, live still. There is a charming bluntness about "Dirty Jack," and an engaging homeliness about "The English Girl," which commend them to all honest children; and even the tragic element is introduced in so matter-of-fact and open a way as to leave behind no train of unhealthy fright,—as witness the "Never play with Fire," where the horrid picture called up is so delightfully lightened in the last line quoted,—

"The roof and wall, and stair and all,
And rafters tumble in;
Red flames and blaze now all amaze,
And make a dreadful din;
And horrid screams, when bricks and beams
Come tumbling on their heads;
And some are smashed, and some are crashed,—
Some leap on feather-beds."

We must confess, however, that we should wince if we were compelled to read to children some of Misses Taylor's sturdy lines. But they are not twaddle, and that is much,—we had almost said it was every thing, when we think of the way in which poor children's milk of song is studiously diluted, until it is almost water-blue.

Our space is limited this month, and we are forced to break off in the middle of the subject.

THE WINDOW-SEAT.

Nine o'clock in the Evening.

IN Boston and in some other parts of New England I believe it is still the custom to ring the town bells at this hour, as if it were the end of the day, and the time when all good people should put out their lights and go to bed. I rather think that most of my monthly visitors are abed, and that there are very few left to gather round me as I step down from my window-seat, sit in my chair before the fire, and, grasping the poker, make ready to rake out the fire. I am doing just what in old days was done in our mother-country, as well as in France, Italy, and Spain, when the bell rang at nine o'clock in the evening; even earlier than nine it was once the law that the curfew bell should be rung, for people ordinarily went to bed very early and rose before daybreak.

It is hard for us who are used to seeing the streets of a town or city well lit at night, and people going about all the evening exactly as in the daytime, to think how much people's habits have been changed just by the introduction of the street-lamp. In the Middle Ages, which some call the Dark Ages too, — and which certainly were dark in the streets at night, — it was only in the daytime that one could go about with any safety. So soon as darkness settled down, thieves and bullies and murderers crawled out, and even many who looked very respectable in the daytime, seen by the light of darkness proved to be arrant rogues. It came to be taken for granted that any one found out after a certain hour was out on bad business; and so the towns passed laws that when the bell rang at night at an hour named, every one must shut the door of his house, cover up his fire, and get to bed, for it was almost as dark inside the

house as out. To cover the fire they used an instrument shaped somewhat like a little girl's shaker-bonnet, called *couvre-feu*, or fire cover, and the bell which gave the signal for going to bed was called the *couvre-feu*, and so the *curfew* bell. Children growing up, go to bed later and later, until, painful to relate, some sit up all night, and so the world as it grows older sits up later. When the curfew was first rung, it was seven o'clock. By and by, people found so much to do that they did not want to go to bed so early, and the hour was changed to eight; when it got to nine, where it has stayed, people ceased to pay much attention to it. It goes on ringing still at nine o'clock, as I said at the beginning, and it is convenient to be reminded of the hour; but when people have clocks and watches they do not need bells to tell them the hour.

So I bid good-by to my fire to-night, for there is a curfew sounding for me. There is a soft wind blowing from the South which whispers, — Cover the fire, for Spring is coming. I have not yet seen the Hepatica which we have heard of this month, but I seem to hear it as another bell ringing, — Cover the fire, for the flowers are coming. Even the blue-jays, little thieves trapped now, chatter, — Cover the fire, for the birds are coming. Best of all, my morning-glory vine, which has been patiently bearing the cold winds that squeeze through the window-cracks, now begins to hold out a timid bud that wraps itself about but is ready to breathe itself open, and say, — Cover the fire, for the worst of Winter is over. But I shall not cover it just yet, for I cannot leave my morning-glory in the cold and darkness.

THE EDITOR.

PUZZLES AND PIGS.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is the beginning of what promises to be very charming for young people.

My *second* is used by fishermen in catching fish, and by their wives and daughters in catching rats.

We are all provided with a pair of my *third* once in our lives, and if a second time, they are made of glass.

My *whole* is a verb made from a noun which is the most attractive thing in the world.

2. My *first*, though neither a dog nor a footman, always followed close behind the gentlemen of olden times and helped support their dignity.

My *second* is a product of Nature both beautiful and useful.

It takes two common people but only one Editor to make my *third*.

Six beautiful women once lost their lives for being my *whole*, and a seventh had a narrow escape.

WORD SENTENCES.

1. B e d

2. Toulouse.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN THE LAST NUMBER.

Refuses. 1. A sitting hen lays no eggs.

2. I take mine ease in mine inn.

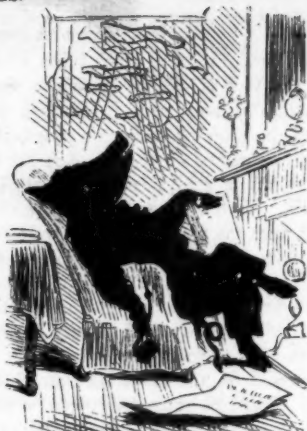
3. Metaphor.

Anagrammatic Enigma. Tea-pot.

FIVE LITTLE PIGS.



This little Pig went to market.



This little Pig stayed at home.



This little Pig had roast beef.



This little Pig had none.



And this little Pig cried "Wee! wee! can't find my way home."



And the little boy said -
"I don't want any more!"

Mr. U



The King was in the Parlor,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the Kitchen,
Eating bread and honey.

The Maid was in the Garden,
Hanging out the clothes:
By came a blackbird.
And snapped off her nose.

J. K.